

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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MASSACHUSETTS.—THE ZUNI INDIAN CHIEFS CELEBRATING AN ANCIENT RELIGIOUS RITE AT DEER ISLAND, MARCH 28TH. FILLING THEIR SACRED VESSELS WITH WATER FROM THE ATLANTIC.—SEE PAGE 102.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, APRIL 8, 1882.

\$500 REWARD.

INFORMATION reaches us from nearly every State of the Union that agents claiming to represent the PUBLISHING HOUSE OF FRANK LESLIE, and the firm of "Frank Leslie & Co.," are collecting subscriptions for various publications. In some cases these agents, as if to emphasize their claims, use a stamp in signing the name of "Frank Leslie" to their receipts. We again distinctly warn the public that the PUBLISHING HOUSE OF FRANK LESLIE (of which Mrs. Leslie is the sole proprietor) has no traveling agents or representatives, and that there is no such firm in this city as "Frank Leslie & Co." All persons using the name of the FRANK LESLIE PUBLISHING HOUSE, under any modification or in any form whatever, in the business of soliciting subscriptions, are impostors, and as such liable to punishment. We will pay a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of any person thus fraudulently claiming to represent this House. The public should understand that the only genuine Frank Leslie publications are issued from 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, and that all so-called Frank Leslie publications represented by traveling agents are counterfeits.

THE CHILI-PERUVIAN COMPLI-
CATION.

WE observe that a few of our contemporaries are complaining that the investigation instituted by the House of Representatives into Mr. Blaine's diplomatic conduct of our relations with Chili and Peru does not "pan out" as richly or rapidly in scandalous revelations as they had been led to expect. And this, too, notwithstanding the fact that the Congressional committee of investigation appears to have, in the person of Mr. Jacob R. Shipherd, a swift witness who is not restrained by much consideration of delicacy for his own reputation in the matter of his rollicking testimony. But when the facts of Mr. Shipherd come to be boiled down to their residuum of substantial truth, and when the foam with which he garnishes the excited flow of his testimony comes to be skimmed off, we find that little is left except the putrid remains of a mangled and exploded private speculation which came to grief because Mr. Blaine declined in any way to make himself ancillary to the preposterous demands of that most preposterous of bubble-blowing corporations, "the Peruvian Company," so called.

It is true that this company, as represented by its business manager, Mr. Shipherd, assumed to speak in the name of many among our most distinguished citizens, from General Grant to others of lesser fame, as if they were part and parcel of that "gigantic organization"; but on closer inspection it appeared that these representations belonged to the frothy part of Mr. Shipherd's evidence and not to its small modicum of substantial truth. The scandal-mongers were next led to indulge in high hopes of striking upon a productive "find" when it came to be known that Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, ex-Secretary Boutwell, of Massachusetts, and Collector Robertson, of New York, had been employed as counsel of the Peruvian Company at one stage or another of this diplomatic venture, but that promise was dispelled as soon as the "bottom facts" were brought to light in the progress of the committee's investigations. Just as disappointing was the suspicion that the banking-house of Morton, Bliss & Co. had been interested in this speculation because of Minister Morton's connection with trade in New York and with diplomacy in Paris. In whatever direction the committee turned they came upon little more than the tracks of the great "confidence man" of the Peruvian Company, Mr. Jacob R. Shipherd.

The little more that they may have found must be sought in the statement made by Mr. Shipherd to the effect that, in order to help in pulling Peruvian chestnuts out of the fire, the company for which he acted had sought to ingratiate itself in the confidence of Mr. Hurlbut, our Minister in Peru, by placing \$250,000 of Peruvian Company stock to the credit of that envoy; but this statement, if true, only serves to set in a clear light the nature of Mr. Shipherd's operations, and to add fresh emphasis to the timeliness of Mr. Blaine's admonitions when he warned our representative in Peru against any use of his diplomatic position for the furtherance of trading schemes extraneous to his diplomatic mission and employments. On the whole, there seems to have been a good deal of fishing in troubled waters during the last Summer, but the haul of scandals, at least of *scandala magnatim*, is but slight. Hence the complaint made by our lively contemporary, the New York Herald, that this investigation will fall greatly below the public expectations if it shall result in nothing greater than "the discovery of acts of petty bribery." The real question, it says, into "which the

committee are to inquire is, whether there was, during last Summer and Autumn, a conspiracy, political in character, but having a vast pecuniary speculation as its basis—a conspiracy which looked to using the influence and the arms and the treasure of the United States to the extent of threatening and, if necessary, making war to secure the success of this private and secret speculation." But if no such conspiracy existed, or was led by Mr. Blaine, how will it be possible for a committee to meet the expectations of the *Herald* in the premises? But this is an alternative for which the anti-Blaine and ultra-"Stalwart" journals appear as yet entirely unable to find any place in their imaginings.

To us it seems high time that the whole of this diplomatic imbroglio should be lifted from the greenroom of political actors and commercial traders into the clear light and open lists of a manly and straightforward diplomacy. So long as the merits of this diplomatic squabble are complicated with exploded schemes of plunder or embezzlement, and so long as questions of dynastic politics between the Garfield and the Arthur Administrations are suffered to override the real international issues at stake in this deplorable complication, just so long will the dust kicked up by the politicians obscure the popular insight into the deeper relations of this subject, and thus result in doing injustice alike to the diplomatic conduct of Mr. Blaine and of Mr. Frelinghuysen in their respective conduct of this difficult negotiation in its earlier as compared with its later stages.

For ourselves, having learned as alike the lesson of prudence and of international law that it is no part of the duty of the United States Government to act as a judge and a divider in disputes between sister republics on the North or South American Continents, we can but feel that President Arthur stands to-day on the solid ground of sound diplomacy and public right when, in the latest deliverance of Mr. Secretary Frelinghuysen on this subject, he holds that the Government of the United States has "no right which is conferred either by treaty stipulations or by public law to impose upon the belligerents, unasked, its views of a just settlement, and it has no interest at stake commensurate with the evils that might follow an interference which would authorize it to interpose between these parties, further than warranted by treaties, by public law, or by the voluntary acts of both parties."

If there is any principle for which the United States has contended more earnestly than for another it is the doctrine of non-interference. Indeed, the "Monroe Doctrine," in its historical origin, was only a special instance of the broader doctrine which prohibits other nations from interfering in disputes between belligerent countries, and however earnestly we may deplore the exacting spirit begotten in the Government of Chili by its conquest of Peru, it is not for us to transcend the limits imposed by international duty or by public law; and those limits preclude us from dictating what terms of peace Chili should offer or what terms of settlement Peru should accept. We are the common friend of both parties; the ally of neither.

THE FLOODS AND THE CROPS.

WHILE the accounts of the deluge in the Mississippi have been somewhat exaggerated, enough is now accurately known to show that the results of the overflow were unprecedentedly disastrous. Plantations from Cairo to the Gulf have been inundated, and from many of them everything was swept away—houses, cattle, implements and food; fortunately, however, the loss of human life has been small. Over a vast expanse south of Memphis the great river was for weeks a sheet of water many miles in width. Nearly a hundred thousand persons along its banks were at once destitute of shelter and food, and but for the proper relief voted by Congress and efficiently administered by the Secretary of War, they would have perished miserably.

It is time that provision should be adopted against the oft-recurring floods of the "Father of Waters." Its great length and numerous tributaries should henceforth form only a source of profit, not one of danger as well. The present system of "levees," or loose piles of earth laid on its banks at the most threatened gaps, is a mere mockery. Any one who has seen these levees from the deck of a passing steamer, knows that they are often so flimsy and narrow that a walking-stick might be punched clear through them. Two systems of protection are now mooted: one is the raising of a continuous embankment, solidly and thoroughly built after the manner of the Hollandese dikes; the other is straightening the river throughout its course, and thus, by an increased velocity of current, securing a deeper channel. The best talent, after due investigation, should decide what ought to be done in the premises, and afterwards its commands should be honestly carried out.

It is estimated that by the middle of this month there will be no further necessity

for the distribution of army rations to the sufferers, and that work will then be resumed on the plantations. Aside from all else, one good result will by that date be apparent, namely, the enrichment of the land by the overflowed loam. The planting of the cotton crop will not thus be delayed, except in those few cases where the planter may be utterly unable to resurrect his capital. The number of acres of cotton lands flooded is placed at 585,000 in the three States of Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana. It is noteworthy that after the flood of 1874, the usual crop was made in these States from planting after the middle of April, on half the land inundated, so greatly had it been enriched. The sugar plantations of Louisiana, but partially submerged, have not been much damaged, and indeed experience has shown that the partial submerging of the growing cane greatly improves the quality and increases the quantity of the crop.

FRAUDS IN BUSINESS.

IT is to be regretted that the complaints of frauds in the packing of American cotton have again been heard of from some of the chief centres of the cotton manufacture in England. Sand and dust by the shovelful have been found in the bales, as well as clear evidences of dampening and steaming in order to increase the weight. Some of the most flagrant cases of this sort of dishonesty have been discovered in cotton received from New Orleans.

As to the shortsightedness of this method of doing business, there can be no difference of opinion. For while it is a fact beyond question that the vast majority of cotton planters pack their staple honestly, yet the folly of a few unscrupulous persons might in time work this industry irreparable injury. Those who suppose that England will tamely submit to this stupid sort of rascality are ignorant of the fact that she is using more and more Indian and Egyptian cotton every year simply because it is freer from damp and sand than American cotton. In fact the policy of Great Britain has always been to obtain as much of her raw cotton as possible from her own colonies, and she has a Cotton Supply Association which is constantly searching for cotton fields that shall make her independent of this country. It is beside the question to show that England herself has always swindled her customers more or less; that the Oldham manufacturers who complain of damp raw cotton, themselves dampen their cotton yarn; and that so notorious have been the frauds in the manufacture of English cotton goods, that some British spinners have found it advantageous to pirate American trade-marks for certain fabrics in order to compete successfully with Americans in England's own colonies. These very facts may serve as a warning to those who think that dishonesty can be practiced with impunity.

The value of our cotton exports last year was \$245,500,000; in 1870 they amounted to \$227,000,000; in 1860 to \$191,800,000, and in 1850 to only \$72,000,000. This shows an enormous ratio of increase within thirty years, and it will certainly increase materially within the present decade if the folly of a few shortsighted persons does not interfere.

Then the complaints against adulterated lard have recently been revived. Danish and German houses have forwarded complaints that the merchants here would do well to thoroughly investigate. This sort of "shrewdness" is of a piece with that brilliant specimen of business policy which reduced the value of our exports of meats last year by over ten millions, and the fault lies with Western manufacturers. Some of the letters from Germany state that that Government is disposed to exclude lard from its ports, or establish a more rigid and costly inspection, unless these abuses cease. The fact that the adulterated article is highly injurious to health renders some such action imperative. The persons who are responsible for this flagrant instance of senseless rascality are of the same guild, morally, as the miscreants who, in their greed for money, sent half-cured meats to Europe last year in such quantities that the public health demanded their exclusion. And the worst of it is, the innocent suffer with the guilty.

The value, to this country, of the lard exports is apparent when we state that last year it exceeded \$35,000,000.

JUSTICE vs. SENTIMENT.

SERGEANT MASON, in his attempt to kill Guiteau, sought to give practical effect to the same public sentiment which is now aroused to protect him from punishment for a crime that miscarried. Had Mason been tried by the civil authorities, instead of by a military tribunal, there is but little doubt that he would have been acquitted. In all probability, the same jury that found the assassin Guiteau guilty would have brought in a verdict of not guilty in the case of Mason. The military powers were ready to waive jurisdiction

and hand him over to the prosecuting officer of the District of Columbia, but there was no disposition to relieve the army of its clear duty in the premises. And it is to be said, to the honor of the heads of the army, that they in nowise sought to evade the disagreeable responsibility. So far as personal feeling went, it is probable there was not a member of the court-martial who would not have gladly permitted Mason to go with a reprimand; but, to have allowed this personal feeling to overbalance the unequivocal demands of justice would have made the officers sitting in judgment on the clearly proven and fully confessed crime sharers in the disgraceful act itself. It may seem harsh, and certainly was an extreme example, where a man who only attempted to kill, and did not even succeed in inflicting the slightest bodily injury on his intended victim, was sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary, while many murderers receive sentences for a much shorter time, or are permitted to go scot-free on the most frivolous pretence. Because the law falls in one case, however, is no excuse for its falling in another; precedent or usage can never affect questions of right and wrong.

The reputation of the United States abroad for the cheapness of human life within our borders is none too good at best; in Europe, Lynch law is considered, and not without reasonable basis, one of the most peculiar and characteristic of our many peculiar institutions. To these foreign peoples the murder of an assassin by a soldier whose duty it was to guard and protect this assassin would have seemed quite in harmony with their ideas of how things are done in this Republic. Just in proportion as the attempt of Mason to wreak murderous judgment on the human reptile in the Washington jail attracted the attention of a wider audience than any similar crime would ordinarily do, just so much the more was the honor of the nation involved; by just the difference between a crime that would only interest a single community or state, or a crime that was known and talked of by the whole world, was it the more incumbent on those who sat in judgment on Mason to do so fearlessly. This court-martial vindicated the national honor, and with stern and uncompromising dignity has proven that our laws must be obeyed—that justice is administered even in the extreme case of protecting so despicable a being as the wretch who struck down the President.

This much having been accomplished, it remained for the court of public opinion—that court of last resort in a free country—to deal with the extenuating circumstances. Legally, there were none for the court-martial to consider. But the American citizen who lived through those terrible days, from the firing of the shot from Guiteau's pistol, on the 2d of July, to the hour when the tolling of midnight bells brought fresh grief to every patriot heart, does not consider it a matter of argument that extenuating circumstances do exist. This common sentiment of sympathy for Sergeant Mason has found expression in a tidal wave of petitions to the President for his pardon. The newspapers have been filled with letters and editorials, all seeking the same end. Even from the pulpit has come a demand that Mason shall be set free. In a word, the whole nation, sitting as the jury of a higher court, while agreeing with the finding of the court below, submit to the President that this is a case in which justice should now be tempered with mercy. And it can scarcely be doubted that, had the opportunity been given, the President would have been influenced to clemency by this vigorous popular appeal. The decision, however, of the Judge Advocate-General that Mason was illegally convicted and sentenced by reason of certain irregularities in the proceedings of the court-martial, relieves the President of action in the premises, since the effect of the decision is, of course, to annul the sentence. Whether the accused will again be tried, and, if so, whether by the civil or military authorities, is yet to be determined.

THE TARIFF IN CONGRESS.

AFTER a desultory debate that ran through several weeks, the Senate has at last passed the bill providing for a tariff commission by a vote of 38 to 15, the nays being all Democrats, while a dozen of that party helped swell the Republican majority of yeas. The very day the Senate passed its bill the House took up a similar measure, and a debate opened which will, doubtless, continue for weeks, as almost every member desires to express his views on the subject. The friends of the commission scheme are confident of carrying it through the lower branch when a vote is reached, and the chances certainly appear in its favor. In either event, there is small hope of tariff reform from this Congress. If the whole subject is turned over to the commission, that will furnish a plausible excuse for doing nothing at present, while it will be so late in the session before this question of reference is settled, that no intelligent revision of the tariff could finally be rejected. Of course nothing can reasonably be hoped for in the hurly-burly of the short session next Winter, so that the

forty-seventh Congress is likely to expire without doing anything of consequence in the way of reforming tariff abuses.

AMERICAN CITIZENS ABROAD.

THE public meeting recently held in New York city, to protest against the arbitrary imprisonment without trial of American citizens in Great Britain, voiced a sentiment which is steadily gaining ground all over the country. This feeling is, perhaps, all the stronger that it has been somewhat slow in finding general expression. At first most people dismissed the subject without much thought, realizing that the victims were fellows of the Fenian type, who had abused their naturalization in this country to return to Ireland as agitators and law-breakers, and concluding that a little punishment would not be out of the way. But as time has passed and these men have been kept in jail and refused any semblance of a trial, and especially as the British Government has announced its intention to thus hold them in prison so long as it chooses, the country has come to see that a great principle is involved. It is not the question whether a lawless Irish agitator should be made to suffer: it is whether an American citizen can be thrown into prison by a foreign government and held there indefinitely, without a trial or even a hearing. To admit so monstrous a claim would be to fly in the face of all our traditions and all our principles. The good-natured public may have been rather slow in sensing the point at issue, but it is at last quite ready to agree with Senator David Davis, who said, in his letter to the Cooper Institute meeting, that the time had come when the fullest rights of American citizens must be asserted. As that conservative and sagacious statesman added, in strong yet temperate language: "The present experience and other examples equally trying to public patience render this assertion now an imperative obligation, without which the United States would deservedly lose position before the world." Minister Lowell, engrossed in the busy round of London society, may feel disposed to accept the mild snub with which his somewhat perfunctory application to the British authorities in this matter was answered, but the people of this country will never admit the proposition that an American citizen—whether native born or naturalized does not matter—can be arbitrarily imprisoned by a foreign government.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

MR. GLADSTONE has achieved another victory in the adoption by the House of Commons, last week, of the *closure* resolution, which will hereafter make it impossible for Irish obstructionists to block the business of Parliament and prevent the enactment promptly of measures of legislation which may appear to be necessary. The struggle over the resolution was a vigorous one, the Conservatives, Parnellites and a few "Liberal faint-hearts" opposing it vehemently, and uniting finally on an amendment that no rule would be satisfactory which would enable a mere majority to close debate; but the vote, when reached, was decisive, showing a majority of thirty-nine for the Government. If the Irish extremists were capable of intelligent reasoning they would see that the adoption of the new rule is due entirely to their own factious and violent course in resisting ordinary parliamentary usages, and would hasten to abandon a system of warfare which has brought nothing but disaster to their cause; but, given over as they are to obduracy of heart, we may expect that they will continue to kick against the pricks to the further detriment of all the interests which they profess a desire to promote.

Outrages are still reported from time to time in various parts of Ireland, and Mr. Forster has recently admitted that the results of the Coercion Act have not been altogether satisfactory. He added, however, that outrages of all sorts must be stopped; if they were not, still stronger measures would be resorted to. A Catholic priest of Queens County has been convicted of using seditious language and sent to prison for six months, and his bishop has imposed the further punishment of severing his connection with the parish he formerly served. A Bill disfranchising several boroughs in England for corrupt practices at elections has been read twice in the House of Commons.

The recent correspondence between the Czar and Emperor William has effectively allayed the apprehensions which were excited by the declarations of General Skobelev in Paris and elsewhere. There is no reason whatever to anticipate at present a collision between the Russian and German Powers. The domestic troubles of Russia, however, are still very serious—so serious and deep seated, indeed, as to defy apparently the utmost efforts of the Government for their suppression. Terrorist proclamations are again appearing in St. Petersburg, one of the latest declaring that the Czar is now condemned to death definitely and without appeal, "as he is the incarnation of all the horrors of autocratic government and all the vices of his ancestors." Meanwhile the organ of the Nihilists continues its inflammatory appeals, and the organization of the conspiracy, instead of being abandoned, seems likely to be stronger and more defiant than ever. General Skobelev is said to have been nominated on a commission for the reorganization of Turkestan. The Czar has ordered the commutation of all the death sentences passed at the recent Nihilist trials in St. Petersburg, except in the case of an army officer, whose position gave peculiar aggravation to his crime. The public Prosecutor of the Kiev Military Tribunal, General Strelnikoff, was recently shot dead on the boulevard at Odessa, where he

had gone to conduct the preliminary examinations in important political trials.

There have been serious labor riots in Barcelona and other large manufacturing towns of Spain. The demonstrations are aimed at the French treaty of commerce and tariff reforms which the operatives represent will deprive 100,000 workmen of the means of subsistence. In Barcelona, where the mills and workshops have been closed, the strikers committed many acts of violence, but were finally dispersed by the military. It is probable that lockouts will occur generally in the disaffected manufacturing centres, but the Government will adhere tenaciously to its free-trade policy, claiming that in doing so it will consult the best interests of thirty-five out of forty-nine provinces.

The German Diet has passed the Ecclesiastical Bill, after modifying it by the elimination of the provision relative to the right of the Government to protest against clerical appointments. The Government assented to the amendment as being in the direction of its proposals, but will not abandon the principle of the Bill as originally presented.

From Egypt we have a report that an intrigue is on foot to restore the ex-Khedive, Ismail Pasha. The Chamber of Notables has been prorogued.—A protest against the Channel Tunnel, on the ground that it would involve England in military dangers and liabilities, from which as an island she has hitherto been free, appears in the *Nineteenth Century*, signed by Cardinal Manning, Huxley, Tennyson, Lord Lytton, and other eminent Englishmen, representing both the army and civil life.—The French Chamber of Deputies has voted a credit of \$1,600,000 for the Tunis expedition for the second half of the current year. The occupying force will shortly be reduced to 30,000 men.—The British revenue returns for the financial year just closed show a total of receipts amounting to £85,822,282, an increase of £1,780,994, as compared to the previous year.

ALTHOUGH proceedings in the Star Route cases at Washington drag rather more than is agreeable, there does not appear to be any reasonable ground for doubting the sincerity of the prosecution. Indeed, Attorney-General Brewster has just furnished fresh evidence of his purpose to make thorough work of the business by retaining Richard T. Merrick, a prominent lawyer and well-known Democrat of Washington, as assistant counsel for the Government.

THE most hopeful sign in Southern agriculture is the steady progress towards a diversification of crops. The Georgia papers agree that the farmers of that State are planting more corn and small grain this year than ever before, and that many are preparing to raise their own hogs. The Mississippi flood has again proved the folly of neglecting food crops, and the leading journals published in the valley are preaching pointed sermons from this text. There never was a more absurd policy than that of the planter who stakes his all upon the single crop of cotton, and it is encouraging to find that the South at last realizes its folly.

ONE of the most curious lawsuits on record was recently brought in a Philadelphia court against Keely—the Keely motor man. It is a number of years since Keely announced his discovery of a wonderful motive power, but the industrial revolution which it was to bring about seems as far off as ever. At last the stockholders in his company, who have furnished him about \$150,000 to work out his ideas, have lost patience, and brought a bill in equity against him to compel him to divulge his secret and procure letters patent for his invention. The stockholders may get a decision in their favor, but it is not easy to see exactly how they could enforce it if obtained.

SECRETARY FRELINGHUYSEN has recently turned the tables very neatly on Lord Granville, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In the course of the correspondence with this Government in reference to the trial of the Irish-American "suspects" now imprisoned in Ireland, Lord Granville complained that a British subject was confined in a Michigan jail and could not obtain a trial. Secretary Frelinghuyesen at once secured an order to have the trial proceed immediately at the Government's expense, and then politely apprised Lord Granville of his action—the bare statement of which we should suppose to be sufficient to induce speedy steps on the part of the British Government in the cases awaiting its consideration.

NEW ENGLAND scarcely maintains her ancient reputation as the foster-mother of all progressive movements. The Massachusetts Legislature has rejected a measure proposing to give women municipal suffrage, while the Iowa Legislature has adopted a resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution striking out the word "male," and putting women on an equality with men at the polls. It is only fair to say that the indifference of the women themselves seems largely responsible for the slow progress of the movement in New England. The last Vermont Legislature conferred upon female taxpayers the right of voting for school officers; but at the recent town elections only five women in the whole State availed themselves of this privilege. It is not strange that men should conclude from such facts as these that women don't really want to vote.

THERE has been such a mass of conflicting reports from Lima and Valparaiso the last few weeks, that it has been almost impossible to make out the situation of affairs between

Chili and Peru. Secretary Frelinghuyesen, however, informs Congress that the State Department has had no information of the signing of any such protocol as was reported to have been drawn up by Mr. Balmaceda, Chilean Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Trescott, the American Commissioner. It appears from the correspondence submitted by the Department that Mr. Trescott has more than once asked leave to come home, because convinced that he could accomplish nothing; but Secretary Frelinghuyesen insisted upon his staying. On the 15th of March Mr. Trescott had a friendly interview with the Chilean Minister of Foreign Affairs, after which he was to visit Peru, while young Mr. Blaine went to Bolivia, and after conferring with Minister Adams, was to join Mr. Trescott in Peru. The prospect of successful intervention by our Government was, at last accounts, very small.

THE rage for public buildings, erected at the expense of the national treasury, is spreading all over the country, and has reached such a stage that no town need consider itself too small or obscure to entertain aspirations in that direction. Since the opening of the present session of Congress no less than 125 Bills have been introduced providing for the erection of such buildings in every State and Territory, at an estimated cost of \$17,000,000, which, however, would undoubtedly fall far below the actual expense. Many of these Bills have been reported favorably from committee, and the other day the Senate passed half a dozen of them, appropriating \$1,200,000 inside of ten minutes without a word of protest. A fair sample of the absurd lengths to which this system is carried is furnished by the fact that among this batch was a Bill appropriating \$150,000 for a building at Montpelier, Vt., a quiet old town of only about 3,000 people, without the first claim to so grand a post-office. At this rate the scandal of the River and Harbor Bill will soon be rivaled by the public buildings extravagance.

GREAT reductions in the cost of the Star Route service have been effected under the contracts recently consummated. The annual cost of the routes west of the Mississippi River, including most of those which were expedited for the benefit of the Dorsey and other combinations, amounted for the year 1881 to \$2,844,165. For the next term the annual cost for the same service will be only \$1,125,149. A more definite method of comparison shows that the cost of Star service per mile in the Pacific section, together with Texas and Louisiana, was about seventeen cents in 1881, and will be only eight and two-thirds cents in 1882 under the new contracts. In Wyoming Territory the annual cost of only one route on the 1st of January, 1881, was almost twice as much as the whole Star service of the Territory will cost on the 1st of July next. The cost of twenty-one prominent routes at the beginning of 1881 was \$647,638. This annual cost was reduced under Postmaster-General James to \$121,361, and the same routes, with substantially the same changes as to length which were made under Mr. James, but with faster schedules, have been let for the next four years for \$97,194.

A TENNESSEE representative has introduced in Congress a Bill for the creation of "a board of (three) fiscal inspectors to watch over the collection and expenditure of the public treasure." This proposition is a modest one, to say the least. There are in all about one hundred thousand officials employed in the public service. If these cannot be "watched" effectually by the numerous heads of departments, detectives and experts who are supposed to be charged with that particular duty, it is difficult to see how three inspectors could cover the whole field and protect the public against the depravity not only of the subordinates, but also of the chiefs of bureaus who, under the proposed plan, would probably consider themselves relieved of all responsibility in the premises. Purity and integrity in the public service are not to be secured by any such expedient as is here proposed, but by making capacity and honesty the tests of all appointments of whatever grade, the application of strict business principles to all branches of the public administration, and the prompt and pitiless punishment of all peculations and thieveries, no matter by whom or under what circumstances perpetrated.

THERE are often great advantages for an ambitious member of a legislative body in holding the position of presiding officer, since it ordinarily relieves him from the necessity of putting himself upon record whenever an ugly question comes under consideration. But there is always the possibility, however remote, of a tie vote, in which case the unhappy occupant of the chair must decide the question, no matter how disagreeable it may be to declare his position. Such was the unhappy fate last week of Charles J. Noyes, of Massachusetts, a shrewd and scheming politician, who, having followed in John D. Long's footsteps as Speaker of the House, aspired to succeed him in the Governor's chair next year. The liquor question is always more or less of an issue in Massachusetts, and Mr. Noyes has always sought to satisfy the prohibitory wing of the Republicans without offending the license element. But last week the House voted on the question of restoring the old prohibitory law with the unexpected result of a tie, so that Mr. Noyes was compelled "to face the issue." He hesitated, however, looking one way and another for a way of escape, and finally declined to vote, which had the same effect as voting in the negative, defeating the Bill, with the result that prohibitionists and license men alike condemn him, and his gubernatorial prospects are blighted.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Chinese merchants of San Francisco have opened a merchants' exchange.

THE Pennsylvania Greenbackers propose to hold a convention and nominate a State ticket.

SMALLPOX still rages at South Bethlehem, Pa., and fifty-four deaths have already occurred.

THE estimates of the Delaware peach crop range from 4,660,000 to 5,250,000 baskets.

GENERAL STEPHEN A. HURLBUT, United States Minister to Peru, died suddenly at Lima, March 27th, of heart disease.

It is rumored in Washington that Secretary Folger will be a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of New York.

THIRTEEN Freshmen of Williams College have been suspended for deceptions and irregularities practiced in a recent examination.

THE Indian Appropriation Bill passed the Senate last week. It appropriates \$5,410,000, including \$250,000 for the education of Indian children.

THE bill of exceptions in the Guiteau case was signed by Judge Cox last week, and will be presented for a hearing on the first day of the next term, April 24th.

FORTY-SIX of the illicit oyster-dredgers recently arrested by the State authorities of Virginia have been sentenced to one year's imprisonment each in the Penitentiary.

MR. JAY GOULD has secured control of the Mutual Union Telegraph Company, which will hereafter be operated in sympathy with the Western Union, thus putting an end to competition.

The number of immigrants arriving at New York during March was 43,837, making 73,433 for the first three months of 1882, against but 47,847 for the corresponding months of 1881.

MR. MOSES TAYLOR, of New York city, has given \$250,000 for the purpose of founding and maintaining a hospital at Scranton for the benefit of miners, railroad men, iron workers, and others.

WALKER HALL, the finest building of Amherst (Mass.) College, was burned last week, with the Shepard cabinet of minerals valued at \$80,000 and much other valuable property, the total loss being about \$200,000.

THE base of the André monument at Tappan, New York, was destroyed by dynamite on the night of the 30th ultimo. The monument itself was not seriously damaged. The perpetrators of the outrage have not been detected.

CORNELIUS J. VANDERBILT, the discarded son of the late Commodore Vanderbilt, committed suicide in New York by shooting himself in the head April 2d. He had been in poor health for many years. He was fifty-two years old.

THE Governor of Maryland has approved a Bill passed by the Legislature which provides that wife-beaters shall, upon conviction, be whipped by the Sheriff of the county—the offender to receive not exceeding forty lashes.

THE Ohio Legislature has passed a Bill levying an annual tax of \$300 on all places where liquor is sold in cities of the first class in that State, and requiring saloon-keepers to furnish a bond in a large sum for good behavior.

FRANKLIN J. MOSES, who was Governor of South Carolina in reconstruction times, but has become of late years a confidence man in New York, was arrested again last week for another swindling operation—this time in the bogus check line.

MISS ELEANOR EWING, daughter of General Hugh Ewing, of Lancaster, O., and niece of General Sherman, who has been a great society belle in Washington, took the veil at the convent of the Sisters of Mercy in Pittsburgh, Pa., last week.

THE failures in this country and Canada for the three months ending March 31st aggregate 2,190, involving liabilities of \$30,338,271, against 1,761 failures, with liabilities of \$24,447,250, in the first quarter of 1881, the increase being almost entirely in the South.

THE Roman Catholic Provincial Council of Cincinnati has issued a pastoral letter in which it denies the doctrine of human equality, denounces labor unions, condemns much of the modern church music, and objects to the illegitimate means used by some newspapers to promote the cause of Ireland.

MARCH "went out like a lion," violent storms occurring in many parts of the country during its last week. A tornado near Eufaula, Ga., killed twelve persons, and a "blizzard" in Minnesota and Dakota caused many deaths, while hurricanes in other quarters killed several more people and destroyed much property.

THE New York Legislature met in joint convention last week to elect a Regent of the University, but the Tammany men refused to support the regular Democratic candidate, and after one ineffectual ballot and some hard words between the factions, the convention adjourned, and the election goes over to the next Legislature.

GREAT excitement was occasioned in the New Jersey Legislature last week by the announcement of an Assemblyman that he had been offered \$1,000 for his vote on a certain Bill. He exhibited \$500, the first installment, which had been sent to him in an envelope. An investigation was ordered, at which the charge was proven, and other disclosures were made showing that the corrupt use of money had not been by any means confined to one member. The obnoxious bill was defeated, and the Legislature adjourned *sine die* in great disorder.

Foreign.

THE University boat race, between the Oxford and Cambridge crews, rowed on the Thames on the 1st instant, was won by the former by six boat lengths.

It is probable that the marriage of Prince Leopold will be postponed because of his illness. The preparations for the ceremony have been suspended.

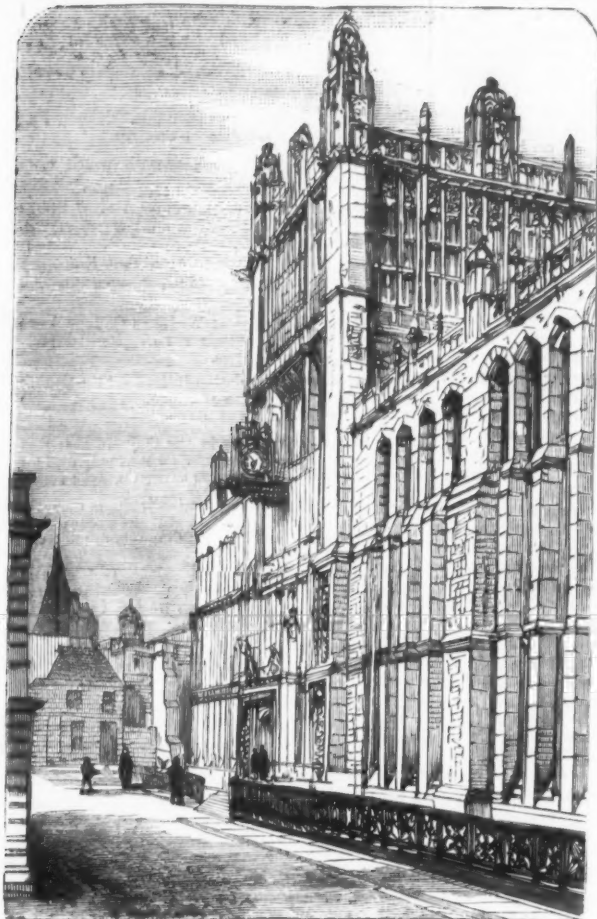
RUSSIA is manifesting a friendly feeling for Austria. It is stated to be the express wish of the Czar that none of his subjects should aid the Herzegovinian insurgents.

A PARTY of capitalists, farmers and others, sailed from England last week en route to Winnipeg, Manitoba. Their total capital is estimated at £125,000. They will be followed by other parties every two weeks.

TWO large British steamships loaded with Chinese passengers have sailed from Hong Kong for Victoria, British Columbia. About 4,000 more are coming this season, all of whom are waiting on railway works.

SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, the British Home Secretary, has promised to give careful attention to the memorial in behalf of Dr. Lamson. President Arthur has expressed a personal wish that execution be suspended until evidence as to Lamson's insanity can be forwarded from this country.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 103.



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE HALL OF RECORDS, LONDON.



GREAT BRITAIN.—TRIAL OF DR. G. H. LAMSON, AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT, LONDON.



RUSSIA.—NUNS SOLICITING ALMS.



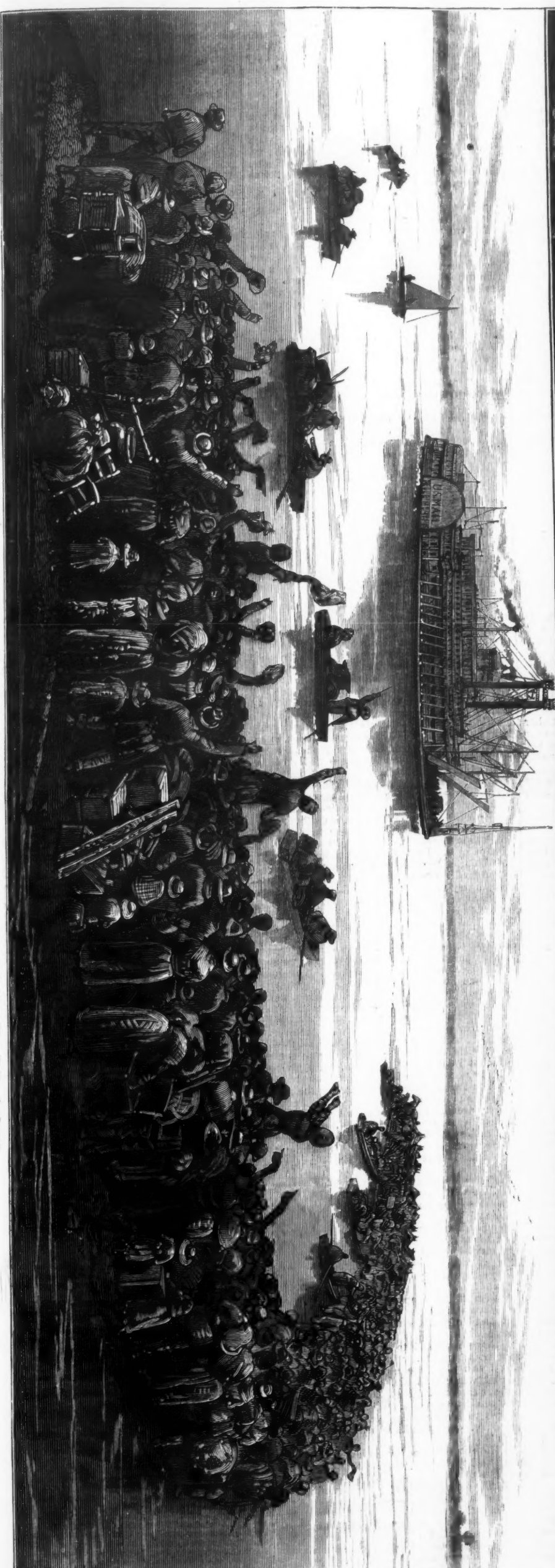
THE NEW KINGDOM OF SERBIA.—THE GARRISON AT BELGRADE SWEARING ALLEGIANCE TO KING MILAN I.



TUNIS.—THE FRENCH METHOD OF PUNISHING TRAIN-WRECKERS.



RUSSIA.—A PALM SUNDAY SCENE IN ST. PETERSBURG.



THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.—SCENES FROM THE PILOT-HOUSE OF THE STEAMER "BELLE MEMPHIS," AS SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, CHARLES UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 103.

AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVE.

THE house was unpainted and one-storied. Down to the small-paned windows, with their thick green glass, sloped the roof, bearded at the eaves with moss and patched with yellow and gray lichens, and at one end rose a broad chimney, up which clambered a woodbine just feathering out with delicate new leaves. There was a stone step at the front door; it was worn hollow at the side where the lilacs grew, and formed a receptacle for the sweet dropped petals of the pink, old-fashioned roses as well as for the pale-purple flowers. A gnarled and ancient cherry-tree shaded the quaint dwelling, and all about it stood crooked, untrimmed apple and wild plum-trees, and along its irregular stone wall sprang currant-bushes and blackberry runners that twisted and turned in and out between the great loose stones and stretched over the pathway.

The place was a picturesque bit in the landscape. One came upon it abruptly over a rise in the high road, and it was like an old-time vignette to a whole series of modern and magnificent country residences that formed the suburb of a large city. It had been occupied by generations of the same family, and so little had they varied in physical or mental traits that it was difficult to tell where sire left off and son began. Their small farming had continued from year to year without perceptible improvement or change—save that of the seasons; their garments descended by inheritance, and they eschewed all modern ideas of living or dying, and were at length laid in silent rows, side by side, in the old daisied graveyard on the hillside.

At the time of which I write there remained among the living of this family of Barnets but one widow and her granddaughter, Hetty, a girl of eighteen. A hired man attended to the farm duties, as had his father before him; he was faithful, simple, and stubbornly set against all innovations.

Hetty Barnet—the last of the name—according to her neighbors, “favored” her father wonderfully, and the Barnet men had been remarkable for fine physique—well developed, clean of blood and tall in stature. Hetty was a handsome girl, with a bright wild-rose complexion, clear brown eyes and a rich profusion of wavy chestnut hair. She moved with a serene young dignity, unruffled by the stern exigencies of fate, and looked out from under long lashes with a frank, innocent expression that was foreign to all modern coquetry. And yet the girl did not lack for admirers, nor a pleasant consciousness of the power to win them; nature, in her changing color, her sweet red lips and the fluttering dimple in her rounded, healthy cheek, did her coquetting for her, and many a wistful glance was cast under the cherry-boughs where, in the Summer time, she was wont to sit.

“Grandmother!” she called, one afternoon, as a dashing team ascended a not distant hill—“grandmother! who do you think is coming up the road? It is the Widow Campbell’s son. What a display he makes with his black horses and handsome carriage!”

Old Mrs. Barnet put on her spectacles, smoothed her calico apron, and came out from among the beehives near the garden-gate.

“Well, I declare to’t, he does!” exclaimed the astonished old lady. “It’s a new turnout as sure as I’m Mehitable Barnet! Before his father, Ebenezer Campbell, died he didn’t know scarcely where to get his livin’. That’s his uncle John’s money he’s-a-gallivantin’ on now, Hetty, you may be sure of it.”

“Why, grandmother, John Jay hasn’t left him what’s his own—yet,” Hetty’s mouth grew round as a puckered rosebud. “He isn’t dead.”

“Dead, child! Nobody said he was, or goin’ to die either, but everybody knows there ain’t no possible chance of his marryin’, and young Campbell is dashin’, I tell you, on his future chances. He ain’t the kind to wait for a ‘dead man’s shoes’; he’s jest a wearin’ of ‘em while his uncle’s a-livin’. He’s the only likely heir, Hetty, to the big Jay property.”

“But John Jay is not old, grandmother,” returned the girl, vehemently. “His hair may have turned a bit, but he is not an old man.”

“Not so, as you say, Hetty,” and the old lady looked sharply over her spectacles at her granddaughter. “But he has dandled you on his knee of n’ enough.”

Hetty blushed, and devoted herself to her taste of shelling peas, but Grandmother Barnet was diligently looking for insects on her favorite rosebush, and saw nothing.

“You see,” she continued, “there was some kind of talk, Hetty, about John’s havin’ had a disappointment more’n ten years ago. Leastways, it ain’t known he ever cared about any other woman, an’ it stands to reason, he’s told his nephew so. That young man, you may be certain, is pretty sure of the Jay property or he wouldn’t dash out as he’s-a-doin’. Fine clothes, and horses, and dinners, I’m told, at the old place;” and the old lady shook her head deprecatingly, as she held up an unfortunate insect between her merciless thumb and finger. All the color had gone out of the girl’s cheeks now; she bent lower over her work, and was silent.

“Why, Hetty child, you can’t have forgot John. He used to visit here for quite a spell about the time you first came home from school. He used to sit evenings with your cousin Jim afore he went to California on that unlucky business. You can’t altogether have forgot John?”

“Oh, no, grandmother,” said Hetty, quietly. “I remember him very well.”

“An’ how sudden he did take himself off! He scarcely come in to say good by. I always wondered at that, because it wasn’t his way now. And Marthy Ames (that’s his mother’s second cousin) told me the family hadn’t heard a thing from him since he went. It’s a queer proceeding. Sometimes, Hetty, I did used to think

that—Bless me, if young Campbell ain’t turned up the lane, and comin’ straight here, and me with my old cap on! You’ll have to see him, child.”

And Hetty did “see him” as she had done before. He tied his horse to a limb of an apple-tree and came in over the sunken, vine-covered stone wall, and sat down on the grass, leaning on his elbow, with Hetty’s sweet, fresh face above, and in his bright young way made himself agreeable. Yet the girl could not ever quite bring herself to feel at ease with him, for with all his winsome spontaneity of manner he seemed too conscious of himself and his surroundings, that were all foreign to Hetty’s. But he liked her, and never appeared to better advantage than when he was striving to make himself acceptable to her.

“You will come some afternoon for a drive with me,” he was saying, as Hetty admired the attractive turnout by the roadside. “Why not now, this lovely day?” he added, eagerly staring up. “It is splendid going, and we have three hours till dusk. We can go down the old mill road and get a look at the river.”

Hetty’s young heart thrilled with innocent anticipation. A drive behind such a team was a treat. But the proposition was a novel one to a Barnet. They were a primitive people, and whoever married into the family was sure of getting a wife whose thoughts were as fresh as the morning dew, and lips as fragrant and pure as wild roses. To accept “promiscuous” attention was unheard of. But this sudden temptation was over strong, and old Grandmother Barnet, proud of her Hetty’s attractions, made no serious objections, and so the young couple drove gayly away in the golden sunlight. How delightful the drive was along the daisy-fringed country road, into a woodland path where the spicy hemlock-branches drifted across their faces, and up to a height that overlooked the sleepy, winding river! It was an episode in the monotonous girl-life, and she surrendered herself to a keen enjoyment of it.

“Who do you think has been here, Hetty?” said her grandmother, as the girl appeared, with the first star, at the door. “John Jay.”

Hetty drew a quick breath, and the light died suddenly out of her eyes.

“He asked most particular for you, child, as soon as he came in, and I told him you’d gone off to drive with his nephew. I thought perhaps he’d be glad the young man wasn’t with worse company.”

“And what did—he say, grandmother?” asked the girl, slowly.

“He said, ‘Does she go often with him?’”

“And you told him—” Hetty paused with a choking breathlessness.

The old lady deliberately took out her glasses, rubbed them carefully on the corner of her apron, and then placing them on her nose, looked at her granddaughter reflectively as she responded:

“Well, yes, child; I didn’t see no reason for not telling him that young Campbell had been coming about here pretty regular.”

“Oh, grandmother!” cried Hetty, with burning cheeks.

“Well, I did say this was the first downright set attention afore folks. And I told him, child, there wa’n’t to be found nowhere a likelier girl than my Hetty, an’ young Campbell might count himself powerful lucky to get you. The Barnets was always a particular set, and I’ve no objection to John Jay knowin’ it. He don’t want to throw his property away, it ain’t at all likely, on a relation with a shiftless wife.”

“Grandmother!” cried Hetty, again: “oh, grandmother, you never told him that!”

“Of course I did. The Barnets was always an outspoken family. John will have to settle the property onto somebody. It may as well be your husband as—Bless me, Hetty Barnet!”

For the young girl broke suddenly into a passionate storm of sobs and tears.

“What on earth is the matter, child? You ain’t got it into your head John Jay is going to die, have you? He looks amazin’ well and young, considerin’.” Don’t get notions—

Whatever ailed Hetty, she had disappeared, and had hidden herself from her loquacious grandmother behind the old well-sweep near the lilac-bushes. There she sat until the stars grew brighter through the purple night, and the dew dampened the soft, disheveled hair that was already wet with tears. She heard the lonesome cry of the whip-poor-will from the distant meadow, and the sad call seemed to mock her own loneliness.

“Hetty!”

The girl started up with a bounding heart and outstretched hands to find them clasped in a pair of stronger ones. She was trembling like the slim poplar in the corner of the yard, and only found breath to say:

“Yes, of course I am glad,” and even to her own ears her voice sounded unnatural and formal. Her fingers were slowly loosed from the warm grasp and fell down cold and limp; the tall, bearded man at her side retreated and paused to lean heavily against the well-curb. Then he said, in a voice well under control:

“I am only in town for a few hours. I shall make another trip later to the Rocky Mountains. Hetty,” he added, after a moment’s silence, “I believe I shall never come back again. It is the life that best suits me—this wandering one—and who should care now?”

Hetty’s heart throbbed hard. He was only corroborating what so many declared—that he “never would marry,” that desire for a love and home was dead within him.

She replied primly:

“Your sister will miss you.”

“She has her interests,” returned John Jay, his glance seeking passionately out the sweet face in the settling shadow. “My nephew—has his. No one needs me, no one will miss me.”

Hetty did not hear the long, quivering sigh that issued from the strong man’s breast.

“Yes,” he continued, “a roving life suits me, after all. You are happy and satisfied, Hetty?”

The apparently careless question made the girl’s heart sink like lead. But the Barnets were proud, and followed the way of their kind, and Hetty dared not cry out. She only said, beneath her breath:

“Yes, happy. Our lives do not change.”

“Well, I am glad—glad,” responded her companion, drearily, taking once again the girl’s cold hand in his. “I can only hope you may ever be able to say so. In the change that must of necessity now come to you, I wish you joy and prosperity. Good by, Hetty. I am going now, child. God keep you!” and the only man Hetty Barnet ever loved was gone from her.

“I declare to’t you’re a queer girl, Hetty Barnet!” her grandmother said.

The two women sat as of old under the apple-boughs. The face of the elder was seamed with many new seams, and even with her glasses she could not see her granddaughter’s face opposite, and her tremulous hands were useless for all earth work. But to the end the sturdy race held their own mentally, and Mehitable Barnet was not an exception.

“Why, queer, grandmother?” responded Hetty, in her sweet, calm way. “Because I do not choose to marry? Am I not content with you? I could not bear to leave the dear old place to strangers and neglect as I should be obliged to if I married, and you would not wish to live elsewhere. I think I will always stay here.”

But Mrs. Barnet realized her own approaching end, and fretted constantly at leaving her granddaughter alone and unprotected.

“Hetty, child,” she said, querulously, “I always will wonder about young Campbell. He was desperately in love with you, and he was good a match. And then after John Jay deeded him his fine place, too—”

“Don’t, grandmother, please don’t talk over that affair,” pleaded Hetty. “It is so long past now. Ten years ago, only think of it, and Mr. Campbell is married and has two children. I never loved him, grandmother. Would you have a Barnet marry for money or family?”

The old lady bridled with the dignity of her kind.

“No, never, child. You are right. The Lord will watch over you.”

Hetty sighed softly and went on with her work. She had not changed much, this fair, healthsome woman; there was a calmer expression upon her brow, and a not infrequent look of yearning sadness in her eyes, but she was still the last “handsome Barnet.”

Much had come to pass to fret her. The faithful serving-man had been “gathered to his fathers,” and matters, consequently, gone wrong on the unproductive farm. There was a mortgage, too, upon the place that threatened her with trouble, and Hetty had no one with whom she might discuss business matters, so entirely had she and her grandmother lived to themselves. But her love for the quaint old house was as that of all her kindred, and she resolved in some way to live and die beneath its roof-tree. Day and night she turned the problem in her brain, and prayed for a speedy solution of it. Hetty had assisted her helpless grandmother to retire, and then strolled down to her favorite seat on the low wall under the wild cherry-tree. A young moon curved its bow in the purple sky, the dew fell down like silver beads, and once again the lonely woman listened to the faint, far call of a whip-poor-will in the distant meadow. How the past returned to her!

“At times,” she whispered, softly, as memory broke within her past control, “I do believe John loved me. Why could I not have forgotten self, pride, shame, everything, and tried to understand? So much seems clear to me now. But we Barnets were ever taught to suffer in silence—and so he went for ever. Ah! me! I wonder where he has been all these years? He told me he should never come back, but I did not believe him. The giving up all he possessed to his nephew proved how mistaken I was—how right were all the rest. Ten years! How long, how long!”

Hetty pressed her hands over her eyes, and the hot tears trickled through her fingers. She brushed them vehemently away.

“He never intended to marry. I know it. Nor do I. But it is a lonely life!—a lonely life!”

Plaintively came the cry of the bird. Hetty was alive with memories, and she started.

“Just so the bird cried out when he said ‘good-by.’”

Her head sank on her arm, and the shadowy night folded her in sad reveries.

“Hetty! Hetty!”

Softly, tenderly the voice, out of the long ago, penetrated her dream of lost love.

“John!”

A firm footstep sprang into the shadow, strong arms lifted her out of it into the sunlight, and Hetty knew the hour of her joy was come.

“I have returned to find you!” cried her lover, triumphantly. “I dared not believe it until I saw you here alone. My nephew is married, thank God, and you—you, my only love, are free, and mine! Neither riches nor pride could tempt you. When I learned this, I dared to hope my earlier dreams had not misled me. And you have always loved me, Hetty?”

“I do not think a Barnet ever loves but once,” said the happy woman, between smiles and tears.

“But, you remember, your grandmother gave me to understand—”

“Ah,” interrupted Hetty, clasping her lover as though she might again lose him, “remember, also, that a Barnet never reveals her love unasked. Grandmother could not know the way of my heart.”

What plans the stars and leaves were witnesses to that night one cannot know, but Hetty made no delay to wed with her first

love, and the quaint house received another inmate.

Still picturesque and moss-roofed it stands beneath its gnarled old trees, and children’s voices, that call Hetty “mother,” are heard merrily mocking the robins in the spring-time.

Peace, plenty and happiness dwell therein, and one is fain to say: “There is no love like the old love.”

THE ZUNI INDIANS.

INCIDENTS OF THEIR VISIT TO THE EAST.

VISITS to the East by delegations from Indian tribes have become so frequent of late years that they ordinarily attract but little attention. Recently, however, there came from New Mexico a little party of Zunis whose movements have everywhere been followed with eager interest. Early in March Mr. Frank H. Cushing, an enthusiastic member of the Ethnological Bureau of the Smithsonian Institution, who, about three years ago, joined this tribe, came East with six of the most famous chiefs, to enable them to perform at the ocean an ancient religious ceremony. The party first visited Washington, remained there several days, the superior bearing of the Indians, and the romance of Mr. Cushing’s connection with the tribe, combining to make them objects of interest. From Washington they went to Boston, where they were received with still greater honors, and where, last week, they went through the ceremony which had been the motive of their long journey.

The Zunis are a tribe of about 1,600 souls, whose home is in the northwestern corner of the Territory of New Mexico, some two hundred miles due west from the Rio Grande, in the centre of a very fertile tract of land, watered by a pretty rivulet, an affluent of the Colorado Chiquito. Their houses are of stone, laid in mud, rising to the height of seven stories from the ground, and lighted by windows of selenite, or glassy sulphate of lime—a mineral well suited for this purpose, and found in abundance in New Mexico. To enter one of these houses, it is generally necessary to ascend by a ladder to the roof of the special house or apartment and reascend by another, the process showing that, in days long gone by, the Zunis were much exposed to hostile incursions from some source, and had to resort to the means of defense afforded by the simple expedient of drawing up on the roof after them the ladder which had been employed in the ascent. The “living room” varies in size from thirty feet in length by twelve in width to sixty feet in length by twenty-five in width. The ceiling is formed of smoke-blackened pine logs, covered with layers of cottonwood or willow branches, upon which last a mass of well-tempered clay is firmly packed. The roof is in no case over eight feet from the floor, but the rooms are usually well lighted and fairly ventilated.

The Zuni tribe is believed to be the oldest among North American Indians, and has been known ever since the discovery of Florida by the ill-fated expedition landed at Tampa Bay, under Panfilo de Naves, in 1528. At that time they were warlike, and offered human sacrifices, but they have dropped this latter practice and now incline to peace, though retaining with their bows and arrows any incursions made upon their agricultural lands by robber Indians. They are an agricultural people, and have reached the highest success in that industry as well as in horticulture, and have large herds and flocks. They have also made much progress in manufactures, especially in the way of silverware and pottery. Their cooking is palatable, and the variety of their bill of fare is remarkable for Indians.

No Indian tribe has a more interesting history, or a more distinctive character, and, thanks to Mr. Cushing’s indefatigable efforts, the long-hidden secrets of their most sacred traditions are destined to be made known. About three years ago this young man resolved to join the Zunis, master their language, secure their confidence, and lay bare their mysteries. He was not cordially received at first, but he did not allow himself to become discouraged. He adopted their costume, fell in with their customs, and gradually made his friends until he was adopted into the Parroto family, the most aristocratic of the Zuni clans. Then he aspired to join their religious Orders, and at length he was made a member of the Order of the Bow, which is, with one exception, the highest and most influential of the secret Orders. He was soon elected a member of the Council and became a tribal dignitary, with many servants to do his bidding. At present Mr. Cushing holds a dual position, that of Assistant Head Chief, or Lieutenant-Governor, and of War Chief. As Lieutenant-Governor it is his duty to sit beside the Head Chief in all trials at law, to listen to the arguments upon either side, and to summarize them when they are concluded. The Head Chief follows with a briefer summary and sentence. As War Chief, Mr. Cushing is absolute in all that pertains to offensive and defensive operations, and is also the tribal executioner, it being his duty, in case of capital punishment, to strike the first blow to the victim.

Of course the high position Mr. Cushing had attained gave him excellent opportunities to learn the traditions of the tribe, but he aspired to become a member of the last and highest secret Order of the tribe—the Ka Ka. This Order is under the control of four priests, who have in their keeping the sacred water from the Ocean of Sunrise, or Atlantic Ocean. It is contained in cane tubes, and as nearly as can be ascertained was brought to them nearly two hundred years ago, when a man of the Zuni nation was taken prisoner by the Spanish Government of Mexico, on a charge of treachery, but was afterwards released. From the Gulf of Mexico he filled some cane tubes with salt water and took them home. This water is used at the ceremonies of the Summer solstice, a few drops being expended in damping the paint attached to the sacrificial plumes of “prayer sticks,” which are offered up for water and for the growth of crops, the Zunis being without great lakes, springs or seas. The water thus gathered has lasted for several generations, but it is now nearly all gone. In order to become a member of the Ka Ka it was necessary that Mr. Cushing should further manifest his intention to live for ever a Zuni, by taking a Zuni wife, which he was unwilling to do. He offered, however, to conduct their priests to the Ocean of Sunrise for a new supply of the sacred water in return for induction into the Ka Ka, and as they had been enjoined by their forefathers to replenish the water when an opportunity should arise, his offer was accepted, and a party was made up to visit the Atlantic. The delegation consists of Na-i-teh, first cacique of war and first master-priest of the Bow—an ancient esoteric Order; Ki-a-si, second cacique of war and second master-priest of the priesthood of the Bow, warrior of the Coyotes—a hunting Order; Lai-in-a-tai-lunkin, high priest of the Parrot, gens or clan cacique of medicine in the Order of the Great Fire; Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa, head political chief, warrior of the Order of the Little Fire; Lai-a-l-ta-in (Pedro Pingo) former head chief, and first official to carry on negotiations with the representatives of our Government, warrior of the Order of Great Fire; Na-na-he, adopted and married into the tribe of Zuni, member of the celebrated Rattlesnake Order or Dance of Moqui; and Te-na-ta-if, the meaning of the word being “medicine flower”—Lieutenant-governor, second head war chief and third priest of the Order of the Bow—this being Mr. Cushing in his tribal name and titular designation. The chiefs are all well-built and strong-looking men, of a soft brown complexion, with long, black and glossy hair. They wear red woven shirts, bright-colored head-dresses of turban shape, adorned with feathers, knee breeches, made of deerskin and ornamented with rows of small silver coins, leggings of buckskin and

moccasins. Around their necks are necklaces of shells, and on their arms are bracelets of silver and armlets of shell, these being the insignia of their respective ranks.

During their stay in Washington they performed one of their religious rites, but the most important ceremonies were reserved for Boston. The party were made much of at the Hub, being tendered receptions at the Old South and at some of the clubs, which were attended by the Mayor and many prominent citizens. They gained their first view of the ocean from the tower on one of the highest buildings. Amid many exclamations of delight, they repeated, very many times, "Show a ha!" which Mr. Cushing states is a superlative term, indicating the most profound veneration and surprise. At first they seemed a little dazed, but as soon as they realized that they were at length in the presence of the much longed-for "Ocean of Sunrise," they all fell simultaneously to repeating, in a sing-song undertone, certain prayers. These lasted several minutes, and during their continuance they threw to the winds handfuls of "prayer flour" they had brought with them—a mixture of fine sea-shells and white corn-flour. Having completed their devotions, the chiefs commenced to exult upon what they saw around them, particularly upon the tremendous extent of the people of Boston. Pointing to the line of the horizon of the bay, the chief of the five said: "That is the black-blue of the ocean, and that is the foam thrown up when it is angry. We have waited for many generations to see this which our fathers have told us of. Wenowsee it. Passing wonderful are the things we see here. On one side the ocean, on the other a world of houses. The whole world is filled with different tribes of men."

On the 25th of March occurred the ceremonies which had been the main object of the long journey from New Mexico. On the invitation of the City Government, represented by Mayor Green, the chiefs, accompanied by Mr. Cushing, went down the harbor during the afternoon on the city steamer. When the boat fairly glided into the stream and the harbor broadened out in their view, the Indians, awestruck by the sight of so much water, began to murmur prayers to the God of the Ocean and chant sacred songs, scattering at the same time to the winds and waves pinches of a consecrated meal made of ground shells and sand mingled with powdered white corn. Thus they offered, as their religion teaches, the sea's products to the sea itself, and also the grain, which is to them the symbol of terrestrial life.

On arriving at Deer Island the Indians were placed in a carriage and driven to the easterly side of the island. Here a hut which they entered, but soon thereafter emerged from, had been placed on the beach, and accompanied by Mr. Cushing, who had since leaving Boston exchanged civilian dress for that of the savage, they walked down to the edge of the shore. Squatting on the stones they began their devotions, chanting in a low voice. As they proceeded the tide, all unobserved by the red men and the interested throng of spectators, was making up the beach, and before they were aware of the approach of the water the elevated perches of several in the crowd were surrounded with water. Amid shouts of laughter from the thoughtless ones they waited ashore. The Indians, however, oblivious of wet feet and legs, stuck to their positions, and notwithstanding Mr. Cushing's mild suggestions that they were getting wet, they refused to move until the time had arrived for them to throw pinches of meal to the four points of the compass, emblematic of the road of life which the young chieftain was to pursue. When the prayer was completed they removed higher up the beach, and upon the sand removed their wet moccasins and leggings.

The second part in the ceremony was begun on the sands. The Indians and their adopted son formed in a circle on their knees and smoked the sacred cigarettes which were brought from home for this occasion. These cigarettes were made from cane and filled with sacred tobacco, over which prayers had been said in Zuni. While in this attitude prayer was said by each individual to the God of the Ocean. During all the ceremony up to this point, each member of the tribe held in his hand a bunch of feathers, each feather having been taken from a different bird, and all tied upon what they designate "prayer-sticks." The smoke from the sacred cigarettes was blown into the feathers, which were then regarded as charged with prayers, and the plumes and prayer-sticks were tossed with emblematic flourishes into the ocean. By this means it was hoped to induce the god of the ocean to bless that portion of the water which they will carry back to Zuni. They then dipped small sticks into the water, and tossed off the briny drops to the four points of the compass to signify to the Great Spirit that their devotions were ended. The two medicine men leading, the procession started for the tent, whirling small sticks which were attached to a long string. The Zunis remained in their tents for a brief period, and when they emerged they carried seven large demijohns incased in peculiarly shaped wooden cases. These were taken to the shore, where the high priests filled them with water, which will be taken back to Zuni, and there blessed and used carefully in future religious ceremonies.

The concluding ceremony was the initiation of Mr. Cushing into the highest Order of the Bow. He was taken to the shore, stripped of his head-dress, was baptized, and his hands were washed. Incantations were chanted meanwhile, and then the two priests embraced the adopted son several times, repeating prayers and exhortations to the young man, the interpretation of which is: "We grasp you today in the sight and hearing of the God of the Ocean, the sacred breath of which makes our prayers effective. We breathe into you the sacred wind of our Order, and we ask that you may have strength to merit the title of Arpithian Shena. We make you a great captive. This day we make you our child on whom we hang our hopes in war and in peace."

These and many other expressions of confidence and friendship were uttered in a low tone in the ear of the novice, who was pronounced eligible to all the rights and titles of his new office. On his return, however, he must subject himself to several trying ordeals, one test being a fast of four days and nights. He will then be permitted to read the secret history of the tribe, which is expected to throw much light upon Indian history in America. Among the literary treasures which will be at his command when once he gets within the sacred circle is an illud, rhythmic and metrical, requiring twenty-six hours for a single repetition, which embodies the mythology and history of the tribe from its supposed genesis. It is one of the chief functions of the four priests to remember and hand down to posterity this great sacred poem. Mr. Cushing proposes to return to the Zunis and to spend three or four years more among them.

Elsewhere we present a number of illustrations of these remarkable Indians, and the unique ceremonies which are described above. Our artists are indebted to Mr. Alvah H. Peters, of Boston, for many courtesies during their stay in the city. The Zunis left Boston on Friday, and, after stopping over at Worcester, came to New York.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

THE Mississippi River has continued to fall slowly during the past week, though it must be a long while before the inundated region will be clear of water. Reports of loss of life, however, still come in, and the death-list when finally made up will be a long one.

The work of relieving the sufferers is vigorously prosecuted. A single Government steamer, which left St. Louis last week, carried 50,000 Government rations of meal and bacon, and about fifty tons of food and some clothing, contributed by charitable citizens. Great suffering is reported from Arkansas, especially in the section known as Laconia Circle, where a levee gave way which had been considered impregnable and overwhelmed the people who had reposed confidence in it. Some were

reduced to the necessity of eating the carcasses of drowned animals. The first appropriation made by Congress for the sufferers was expended in the purchase of 616,000 rations. The second appropriation has been largely expended also. Of the \$150,000 now used, 200,000 rations have been sent to Mississippi, 150,000 to Arkansas, 550,000 to Louisiana, and 20,000 to Missouri.

One of the worst effects of the flood is the demoralization of the negroes. A large number of colored refugees have poured into Natchez, Miss., where many have been offered work at fair wages, but have refused it, preferring to remain in idleness while the Government feeds and provides for them. Not a few planters have declined Government assistance when it would have been very welcome, because they wanted to maintain a spirit of independence among their people. As the floods subside a more hopeful view is taken of the crop prospect. F. C. Moorehead, President of the National Cotton Planters' Association, believes that if the water goes down by May 1st, a very fair cotton crop is possible, and that half a crop could be made even though the waters remained up till June 1st. Governor Lowry of Mississippi thinks that by the 15th or 20th of April the waters will have receded sufficiently to permit general planting in the overflowed sections.

Our illustrations give a vivid idea of the sufferings, losses and inconveniences occasioned by the floods in parts of Mississippi and Arkansas visited by our special artist. Our lady readers will be especially interested in the picture of the difficulties which have attended the shopping excursions of the women of Arkansas City during the prevalence of the floods.

OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE funeral of Longfellow, the nation's poet, which occurred at Cambridge, Mass., on the 26th ultimo, was marked by a simplicity and absence of ostentation at once beautiful and befitting. The services at the late residence of the deceased were conducted privately in the presence of a small company: the family and relatives who were with the poet when he died; and a few intimate literary friends and neighbors—Ralph Waldo Emerson (despite the delicacy of his health and advancing years), Oliver Wendell Holmes, George William Curtis, Charles Eliot Norton, the Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol, Alexander Agassiz and Mrs. Louis Agassiz—all grouped in solemn reverence around the coffin, at the head of which sat Rev. Samuel Longfellow, who alone conducted the simple services. The plain coffin was covered with black broadcloth, and thereon was placed a single line of passion flowers. The inscription on the plate was:

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
Born February 27th, 1807.
Died March 24th, 1882.

The services consisted only of a brief address with reading of selections from the Scriptures, singing by a choir of female voices (with piano accompaniment) and a short prayer. Immediately upon the conclusion of this ceremony the remains, followed by the relatives and friends in seventeen carriages, were borne to their last resting-place in Mount Auburn Cemetery. The burial was as simple as were the services at the house—there was no display of flowers, only a profusion of evergreens being placed about the grave. The Rev. Samuel Longfellow spoke the familiar words: "Oh, Death, where is thy sting? Oh, Grave, where is thy victory? Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return. The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." And this was all. Subsequently public services were held in Appleton Chapel, Harvard College, which was crowded with persons of distinction. The feature of these services was the address by Rev. Charles C. Everett, which expressed with eloquent pathos the universal sense of bereavement. His closing words were singularly felicitous and appropriate:

"The world's love gathered about him as he lived, and its homage was breathing his ear. On his last birthday there was paid to him an evocation given to few living. From the home of his youth in Maine came greetings. Children's voices—those which were ever most welcome to his ear—joined in the acclaim. Thus the story of his life was completed. His last book had been written and marked by him as his last; the final greeting of the world had been uttered to him, and he passed away. 'He passed away.' I think we have not yet learned the meaning of those words. I think we do not yet quite feel them. We still half think we may sometimes meet him in his familiar haunt. Does not this protest of the heart contain a truth? His spirit, as we trust, has been called to a higher service, yet he had given himself unto the world, he had breathed himself into his songs. In them he is with us still. Wherever they go, as they wander through the world, he will be with them, a minister of love. He will be by the side of the youth, pointing to heights as yet unscathed, bidding him have faith and courage. He will be with the wanderer in foreign lands, making the beauty that he sees more fair. He will be with the mariner on the seas. He will be in the quiet beauty of home. He will be by the side of the sorrowing heart, pointing to a higher faith. When old age is gathering about the human soul he will be there to inspire courage still to cry: 'Yet there is opportunity no less than in youth itself.' Thus will he inspire in all faith and courage and point all to those two sources of strength that never fail—Heart within and God overhead."

Our illustrations present views of the birthplace, residence and burial of the distinguished dead.

How Nutmegs Grow.

NUTMEGS grow on little trees which look like pear-trees, and are generally not over twenty feet high. The flowers are very much like the lily-of-the-valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over the seed. The fruit is about as large as a peach. When ripe it breaks open and shows a little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia and tropical America. They bear fruit for seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them all the seasons. A fine tree in Jamaica has over 4,000 nutmegs on it every year. The Dutch used to have all this nutmeg trade, as they owned the Banda Islands and conquered all the other traders, and destroyed the trees. To keep the price up they once burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was as big as a church. Nature did not sympathize with such meanness. The nutmeg pigeon, found in all the Indian islands, did for the world what the Dutch had determined should not be done—carried those nuts, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries, and trees grew again, and the world had the benefit.

Red Tape in England.

AN interesting contribution to the history of British red tape, so beautifully illustrated by Dickens in the case of the Chaffwax, is afforded by a recent experience of Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald, an accomplished official in the Bureau of the Indian Comptroller-General, who not long ago married a daughter of Lord Eglinton. Mr. Fitzgerald was selected for duty in Egypt some four or five years ago, to assist in managing the finances of the Khedive's nominal Government. His post has been by no means a simple one, as may be imagined, and his services are still required at Cairo. The English Government fully recognizes the propriety of reckoning the time spent by Mr. Fitzgerald in

Egypt as a part of his actual service life. But it appears that, under the awful prescriptions of red tape, Mr. Fitzgerald's special leave of absence being up, he must lose his pension unless he complies with those prescriptions by leaving his home in Cairo, going to Calcutta and taking charge of his former office for the space of one day, after which he may return to Egypt on a new leave, and become in due time fully entitled to his pension. This solemn performance will involve a good deal of time, much cost both to the Government and to Mr. Fitzgerald, and some inconvenience to the Egyptian organization. But the Government has no option, and the sanctities of red tape will be preserved, regardless alike of expense and of common sense.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The British Public Record Office.

THE building in which the "Rolls," or Public Records of Great Britain, are deposited is a vast structure of stone, located on Folter Lane, in London. Documents of every age, from William the Conqueror to Victoria, are here to be found—some of vast historical importance—Treaties, Papal Bulls, Coronation Oaths; Ancient Charters, granting freedom from oppression to some town or city, now memorable in the pages of the national annals; down to the "little bill" for supplying the pastry for His Majesty's lunch. The handwriting of every monarch who has sat upon the English throne, together with many of their private letters, may be seen in this collection. "Domesday Book" is of course one of the great attractions of the place, the manuscript being now eight centuries old. Adjoining the Record Office is the Rolls House, formerly the residence of the Master of the Rolls. The chief object of interest in the chapel, the walls of which formed a church for converted Jews, erected in the thirteenth century. Edward III. made it over to the Master of the Rolls. The building, however, has been so altered and modernized that it retains no feature of its original architecture. The Master of the Rolls were formerly buried here. The earliest monument is that to the memory of Dr. John Young, 1514, who was the last ecclesiastic who held the office of Master of the Rolls. There are two other fine monuments—one to the Allington family, dating from the time of Elizabeth, and the other to Baron Bruce of Kinloss (1610), the crafty friend of James I.

Nuns in Russia.

Religion, with all classes of the populace below the rank of Government officials and University students, is a very serious concern in Russia; and the tourist constantly sees the devout worshippers kneeling in prayer before one of the shrines, adorned with a picture of the Virgin, which is illuminated by tapers and a swinging lamp. The nuns, also, belonging to a religious Order, are to be met going their rounds from door to door, begging the contributions of pious Christian folk, or stopping to reckon up the amount they have received. Our illustration shows effectually the picturesque aspect and attire of these good women, who are scarcely more than half-European.

The Trial of Dr. Lamson.

One of the most notable criminal cases that has occurred in England for some time was the trial in London last month of Dr. George H. Lamson, an American physician, who comes of an old New York family, for the murder of his brother-in-law, Percy Malcolm John. We have already announced the result in his conviction and sentence to death, but some interesting features are brought out in the full reports of the London papers. The victim was a sickly cripple, whom Lamson is alleged to have killed with acconitine, a poison which he is proved to have purchased, and the motive ascribed was his desire to secure the \$7,500 which would come to him through his wife in case of the boy's death. It was shown that Lamson gave the youth a capsule, and that he died within four hours with all the symptoms of poisoning by acconitine. The trial lasted six days, and the jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty" within thirty-five minutes after the case was given them. Lamson was much agitated during the delivery of the verdict and the passing of sentence, but on the customary question being put if he had anything to say, he recovered himself and replied, "Merely to protest my innocence before God." Although the defense of insanity was not urged during the trial, abundant evidence has since been secured that there is an insane streak in the Lamson family, and that the doctor himself has often acted as though he were not in his right mind. Prominent citizens of New York appealed to our Government to interfere in Lamson's behalf, and Secretary Frelinghuysen has instructed Minister Lowell to ask the British authorities for a stay of execution until further inquiry into the mental condition of the unfortunate man can be made.

French Punishments in Tunis.

The news that bands of insurgents are again cutting lines of communication in Tunis gives fresh interest to the illustration showing how the French have hitherto dealt with this class of marauders. While their troops were some time since in pursuit of the Kairouan insurgents, several bands of robbers, with a view to plunder, made various attempts to wreck the trains on the line of railroad between Tunis and Ghardaïa. Many of these scoundrels were arrested in the act of placing immense blocks of stone on the rails, in order to fling the cars off the track. These villains were not only shot upon the spot, but, in accordance with the Arab custom, their heads were cut off, impaled on poles, and exposed to public gaze, the poles being planted in the exact spot on which the robbers had rolled the immense stones. The lesson for a time had its effect, but recently there have been some indications that it may be necessary to resort to even severer punishments in order to put an end to the outrages of the insurgents.

Palm Sunday in St. Petersburg.

This is one of the greatest festivals in the Russian Church. Persons who do not enter a place of worship during the year, never fail to put in an appearance on Palm Sunday. With children Holy Week is a regular festival, a holiday. On Palm Sunday every person who enters the church proceeds straight up to the altar, and plucks a branch of palm from a heap in a corner or from the itinerant vendors outside the church, and waving it solemnly passes down the aisle. On the evening before, the peasants, in their handsomest national costumes, bringing their children, await the lighting of Easter fire, which takes place as the clock strikes twelve. The children dance around singing a joyful hymn, the elders joining in at certain places. Easter is a season of thorough enjoyment all throughout the dominions of the Czar.

The New Kingdom of Servia.

We have already announced the elevation of the Principality of Servia to a kingdom. Prince Milan was formally proclaimed King by the National Assembly on the 6th of March, and on the afternoon of that day the Belgrade garrison, comprising three battalions of infantry and two squadrons of cavalry, formally tendered their allegiance. The King addressed the troops, who were formed in a hollow square, in a brief speech, and then, dismounting, stood bareheaded before an improvised altar and received the oath of the soldiers, officers and general staff. "To remain faithful unto death to His Majesty Milan I, King of Servia, as proclaimed by the National Assembly." Great enthusiasm was manifested by the soldiery and populace. In the evening Belgrade was illuminated, there were numerous torchlight processions, and the rejoicings continued for several days.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A NATIVE of Cochin China has just been admitted to the French Bar.

—ADVISED from Yokohama say that rumors of war between China and Japan multiply.

—THE Wisconsin Legislature has repealed the law making insanity a ground for divorce.

—SIX hundred police guard the London docks every night against possible Fenian incendiarism.

—FOUR hundred and fifty peasants from the Bernese Oberland have left Switzerland for the United States.

—A FORT OGDEN (Fla.) man has a contract to deliver 5,000 alligator hides to a St. Louis firm by May 1st.

—NO LESS than 57 of the 76 members of the United States Senate are lawyers, and 195 of the 293 Representatives.

—SALMON are extraordinarily scarce in the Sacramento River this Spring, owing to the low water during the winter.

—A PARTY of fifty Mormon converts recently left Floyd and Polk Counties, Ga., for Utah, most of them being snuff-dipping women.

—THE franking privilege was abolished in Canada a few years ago, but it was restored at the next session, and there are complaints of serious abuses.

—ON the lowest computation, 550,000 tons of fish are annually taken in British waters, and Professor Huxley estimates the take of herrings in the North Sea at 3,000,000,000.

—THE New York Assembly has passed a Bill making it unlawful for theatre managers to admit any children under fourteen years of age without an adult companion.

—THE amount expended in Great Britain for beer, whisky and wines last year was \$635,372,300, which is more than the annual rental of all the lands and houses in the kingdom.

—THE new life in the South is illustrated by the fact that, while the States in that section patented but 2,244 inventions from 1851 to 1860, the number from 1871 to 1880 was 14,440.

—ADVISED from Panama say that a resolution has been submitted to the Congress of Colombia calling upon the Executive to give notice to the United States of the withdrawal of Colombia from the treaty of 1846.

—A GERMAN minister, preaching in a church at Black River Falls, Wis., was disturbed by a drunken man, whereupon he left his pulpit, seized the offender and threw him out of doors, and went on with his sermon.

—A SEVERE drought prevailed in Australia during the winter, and a water-train carrying 11,000 gallons was run daily from Sandhurst, Victoria, to Wedderburn Junction to relieve the distress among the people in that district.

—AN old man and his wife died lately at St. Barthélemy-le-Pin, France, at the same hour of the same day. They were born on the same day and in the same parish, and had passed a singularly easy and prosperous life.

—THERE is a crusade against the gaming tables of Monaco, and even the French papers are attacking them, the Paris saying that they are a disgrace to France, while the *Gaulois* hints that the journalists who commend them are paid.

—THE Secretary of the Interior estimates that to pay the survivors of the Mexican and Indian wars prior to 1846 will require an aggregate amount of \$93,582,112—\$65,380,480 for the Mexican war pensions and \$28,201,632 for the Indian war pensions.

—LONDON society is deeply interested in ladies' hygienic lectures under the auspices of the National Health Society. There is an exhibition of dress, clothing, boots, classical costumes, Bloomer, and other improved styles hanging chiefly from the shoulders.

—THE London *Lancet*, one of the first medical authorities, ridicules the common idea that insanity can be inferred from the wild appearance of the eyes, and says that "there is comparably more restlessness, vacuity, and the like, in the eyes of the sane than in those of the insane."

—THE city of Lynn, Mass., having been ruined in damages because of injuries resulting from the overturning of a carriage by reason of the wheels catching in the horse railroad track, has recovered the amount, with cost, from the horse railroad company whose tracks caused the mischief.

—BITUMINOUS semi-anthracite coal has been discovered in the Santa Rosa district, Northern New Mexico, in seemingly inexhaustible quantities. In other parts of the Territory also valuable discoveries have recently been made. Some of this coal is estimated to yield sixty per cent. in weight of good coke.

—THE late President of the Japanese Council of State, now Privy Councillor, and one of the leading statesmen of the empire, will soon visit Europe and America, to recruit his health and to study the working of the Parliamentary institutions in view of the establishment of a Constitution in Japan in 1890.

—MASSACHUSETTS labor statistics show that the cost of living and the wages of working people do not advance in the same ratio. Comparing the cost of food in 1878 with the cost in 1881, the average increase was 21.2 per cent., while the average increase in wages during the same period was only 6.9 per cent.

—THE middle of the Rio Grande constitutes the boundary line between Mexico and the United States, but changes in the river bed have placed large tracts of land on the Texas side which were formerly in Mexico and former portions of Texan territory on the Mexican side. Troubles from this cause are constantly before the local courts on the Rio Grande.

—BRICK COURT, in the London Temple, it has been decided, must yield to the spirit of the age. During the coming long vacation, the chamber of Blackstone (that in which he wrote his "Commentaries") and the chamber of Goldsmith (that in which he died) will be pulled down, and before the coming year the contractor will have begun his work of covering the site with a new edifice.

—LUCKNOW, the sporting town of India, finds combat between quails her most popular pastime, and there is scarcely a rich Mohammedan in the place who does not keep a training establishment. An untrained quail is worth from one to four cents, but when a bird has become a famous fighter its owner can get \$100 for it any day. Distinguished quails live proudly in gaudily decorated cages, and in the pit evince great valor and dexterity.

—UNDER every President there is struck off at the Mint, for distribution among the "friendly Indians," what is known as a "peace medal." The peace medal for the Garfield Administration has just been received at the Treasury Department. It is of silver. On the obverse side is the lettering, "James A. Garfield, President of the United States," and running in circular form around the medal. In the centre of the lettering is a raised head of Garfield, with the date 1881 below. On the reverse is a border scene; its figures are a farmer and an Indian, both engaged in agricultural pursuits.



MASSACHUSETTS.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE VISIT OF THE ZUNI INDIAN CHIEFS TO BOSTON, MARCH 21st-31st.
FROM SKETCHES BY CHARLES B. BUNNELL.—SEE PAGE 102.



THE LATE HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW—THE OBSEQUIES AT MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., MARCH 26TH.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 103.

THE FIRST KISS.

AND he who gives her her first kiss,
Ay, he who first lays sacred fire
On her loved lips, and wakes desire
Of womanhood, yea, wakes to bliss
A sleeping soul—why, who but he
Shall walk at her side, and eternally?

Let live who will the cold, hard Real;
Let win who may to walk at her side,
Down to the dark of the Stygian tide;
This first is last, in her Ideal.
Yea, come what comes, this first shall be
Loved first, loved last, and eternally.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

A TERRIBLE WOMAN.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED).

WHEN Lionel went to my lady she asked him at once where Gwendolen was.

"In the Honeysuckle Walk."

"Impudent child! Go and make her come in this instant. It's too damp for her to be out at this hour."

"She wished to stay. She says the evening air revives her."

"That's the reason the naughty girl has asked me to make some excuse to call you in these two or three past evenings! She says you are such a tyrant that you drag her in the moment it begins to grow cool. Of course, I wish to humor her all I can, but I don't mean to let her injure her health, so you must go back for her."

"I am sorry she thinks me a tyrant," said Lionel. "I try to indulge her in every way."

"You must recollect that she has been accustomed to the most absolute freedom, and hasn't yet learned to understand that she is no longer her own mistress."

"But she has grown very gentle of late," said Lionel.

"So much the better. She will come in the sooner. These dews are very heavy."

Lionel hurried back to the Honeysuckle Walk, and found his wife in the arms of a stranger, who was murmuring words that sounded both tender and sweet, though spoken in an unknown tongue, as he bent his face over the fair head lying on his shoulder. The dark complexion, the Southern features, the night black hair and beard, all assured Lionel that this was Bacio. Sick and trembling, he clung to the trellis by which he was to keep himself from falling, while his eyes were riveted on the pair, and his ears acutely sensitive to every sound, but his feet seeming to be rooted to the ground. He felt that he could no more have stirred them than if they had been made of lead.

"Good-night!" the voice now sighed, melodiously, and in English. "Meet me here again!"

Gwendolen raised her head with a convulsive start. As he spoke, Bacio had applied a bottle of pungent salts to her nostrils. This aroused her from her fainting fit, and he had instantly glided away, and Lionel now saw him coming down the walk where he himself was standing, hidden by the trellis, humming an opera air, and fastening in his button-hole a bunch of pansies he had stolen from the unconscious Gwendolen.

Lionel saw him glide by him like a phantom in some frightful dream and vanish among the shrubbery.

As for Gwendolen, she, too, thought she had been dreaming, and that the Bacio she had seen was but a part of her vision. Pale and trembling, she rose and came forward, tottering a little, a face as white as her burnous, with the purple pansies in her hair and on her breast, as Bacio had them on his.

She still loved that man—he had known that—but now he knew that she was also false to himself. He had no wish to harm her. He only felt a profound pity for her as he watched her small, wan face as she glided by him, but he also felt so great a sense of loneliness and loss, that he cried out aloud: "Ah, Charlesworth, Steenie, come back!"

Gwendolen heard the cry, though she could not distinguish the words, and it sounded so melancholy that it frightened her and she ran towards the house flying past my lady, who was on the watch, without seeing her.

Presently Lionel also staggered up, and stood on the threshold, swaying from side to side like a drunken man.

My lady ran to him and caught his arm.

"What is it, Lionel? Gwendolen has just passed me looking as if she had seen a ghost, and you look as if you had seen one also, or else had heard something terrible!"

"I have—both heard and seen something terrible. Bacio is here!"

"Bacio! Impossible!"

"I have seen him!"

"Good heavens! Then that was what frightened Gwendolen!"

"She seemed frightened," with a convulsive laugh. "She was in his arms!"

"Lionel!"

"I—I—she must go with him! She loves him!"

"But, Lionel!"

"My lady, tell me what shall I do? I am so sorry for her!"

"Sorry for her?"

"To be tied to me when she loves him! I—must go away."

"That would be the best thing you could do!"

"Where shall I go to?" said Lionel, looking around him in a bewildered manner.

"Cross over to France now. Afterwards you can think where you would like to go."

CHAPTER XIV.—"YOU ARE LATE, MRS. BRANDT!"

LIONEL sat down and seemed to think intently for a while. "I can't leave her," he said, at last. "She is my wife now, and the mother—"

A knock at the door interrupted him.

"Come in!" said my lady, and her maid presented herself, having a letter in her hand.

"I thought Mrs. Charlton might be here," she said. "A queer-looking, strange man asked me to give this to her, and gave me some money to say nothing about it. I didn't like the looks of him, nor his ways, neither, and don't like to keep the money; and will your ladyship please ask Mrs. Charlton to give it back to him, if so be as she knows him. I don't like to take money from strangers."

Pale as ashes, Lionel put out a trembling hand to take the letter, and, as the girl left the room, he tore it open. It contained these words:

"A carriage will be at the gate to the south at ten of the clock. (Signed) A. B."

"She is going to leave me!" crushing the paper in his agitated hands.

"Let her go," said my lady, glancing at the note with whose contents she was already well acquainted. "When she goes, you lose neither wife nor child. She was his when you married her, and she is only returning to her allegiance, loving him the best and wearying of her life as a lady."

Lionel's head had fallen on the table, and his face was buried in his arms. He raised it presently, looking pinched and drawn like the face of an old man, while his eyes were unnaturally brilliant and his mouth had a rigid look. They were in the library, and he got up, and, going to a tall, carved and gilded cabinet, began to pull out the drawers and open the various fantastically figured doors.

"What are you looking for?" asked my lady, who was watching him curiously.

"He has taken everything from me—Charlesworth, Steenie and all!" he said, in a low voice, as if speaking to himself. Then, louder: "Father used to keep those silver-mounted pistols here! Where are they?"

"You don't mean to kill him!" cried my lady. "What would become of Gwendolen?"

Lionel deliberately closed the doors and shut all the little drawers, then, going up to my lady, took her hand, which he held in a convulsive grasp.

"You are right, my lady," he said. "She is the first person to be considered. Let him—take her—and go—in peace!"

His grasp of her hand relaxed, and he fell fainting to the floor.

My lady rang for assistance, and then she looked at her delicate hand, which bore the livid marks of that terrible pressure, the pain of which had made her pale, though she had borne it without speaking.

The footman who answered the bell had just been talking with my lady's maid, and he put the fainting fit and the letter into conjunction.

Lionel left the house resolved to sail for Calais about half an hour before Mrs. Roth, Gwendolen's destined nurse and personal attendant, entered it.

My lady having been informed of Mrs. Roth's arrival, sent for her to come into her dressing-room. It was now after eleven o'clock, and my lady was stretched on a couch, wearing a blue-silk wrapper with flowing sleeves, which allowed her white taper arms to be seen, while her long, thick, glossy chestnut hair was in the hands of her maid, who was brushing it out before arranging it for the night. Mrs. Roth, who had expected to see an elderly woman, looked surprised, for the light of the wax candles burning on the dressing-table revealed only the outlines of her still youthfully rounded features without betraying the haggard lines and shadows she had drawn upon it.

Mrs. Roth herself was a slender, graceful woman, with abundant reddish hair and a strong and prominent jaw. She was dressed in deep mourning and wore a widow's cap, and, having courtesied, seated herself in obedience to a sign from my lady.

"You are late, Mrs. Brandt," said my lady. When she came in, Mrs. Roth, who was of a fair and delicate complexion, had had a bright color in her cheeks and lips, but now she sat staring at my lady with a face so utterly devoid of color that it might have been modeled from wax.

"And you look tired," pursued my lady. "Sarah, go down-stairs and tell the cook to make Mrs. Roth a cup of tea."

When the girl had left the room, my lady continued watching the pallid mask before her.

"When I require an extraordinary service, Mrs. Brandt, I make extraordinary inquiries about the person whom I may be intending to employ."

A little color began to come into the woman's face; she looked at my lady inquiringly.

My lady went on:

"A very distressing circumstance has occurred in my family. I had a son who went to America when a boy, and was not heard of for twenty years. My oldest son, Mr. Charlton, late of Charnwood Court, instituted inquiries about his brother, and received undoubted proof that he had died in New York, leaving one child—a daughter. By his will, my son made it incumbent on his heir to seek out and marry this girl. He went to America and found her employed as a circus rider. He married her, brought her home, and now a man, whom we have reason to suppose was her husband at the time she yielded to the temptation to marry the heir of Charnwood Court, has presented himself here. My grandson, who, unknown to them, witnessed a meeting between them, is persuaded of this fact, which makes his marriage no marriage at all; but, as the girl is so very young and seems to fear this man, he has decided to withdraw himself, and still allow her an asylum in this house, which is now his. What the event will be I cannot tell. If she wishes to return to her husband, of course she will be permitted to do so. If she continues to manifest such extreme terror of his approach—he is an Italian, and very violent—I cannot refuse her my protection. But, as she will require constant watchfulness and care, I have sought out some one who, like yourself" (Mrs. Roth

flushed scarlet) "can appreciate the sad conditions of the case I have laid before you. You understand me?"

"Yes, my lady," in a low, tense voice.

"If she asks for Mr. Charlton, as she will—for she does not know that he has found her out—you will know nothing about him."

"Yes, my lady."

"And here is Sarah to say that your tea is ready. You will sleep in the room adjoining the sick lady's. Sarah will show you the way. Good-night, Mrs. Roth."

"Didn't she tell you her name?" asked Sarah, eagerly, as soon as the door was closed behind them.

"Whose name?"

"The name of the lady you're to take care on?"

Mrs. Roth seemed to think a minute, and then shook her head. "No; she did not!"

"I don't believe she has any right to it, then!"

"What is her name?"

"She was called Mrs. Charlton; but a strange man have come, and Mr. Charlton have gone away, and there's no telling!"

"Then you had better not do it," said Mrs. Roth.

Sarah put her head back and stared at her. "Well, I never!" she said.

Without knowing it Gwendolen had taken a strong narcotic in the night-draught ordered by the doctor, and did not awaken until quite late on the morning succeeding Lionel's departure. Even when she awoke, her thoughts were hazy and indistinct, and, as she turned on her side, murmuring her husband's name, she was scarcely surprised to see a strange face, looking down thoughtfully on her, for the face bore some likeness to that of an old companion of whom she had been dreaming, and she said, dreamily:

"Is it you, Pauline? When did you come?"

The face she was looking at changed so suddenly, losing all its color, and staring at her with such wide eyes, that the shock roused Gwendolen, who sat up in bed and looked around her.

"I am here, at home," she said, "but who are you?"

The face had got back its color now, and its owner courtesied and said: "Your maid, miss!"

"My maid, and why do you call me miss? Don't you know my name?"

"The lady didn't tell me, and you look so very young. Oh, what lovely hair!" as the great coil, loosened by an indignant toss of Gwendolen's small head, shook its silvery veil across her shoulders and heaped itself in shining masses around her on the blue silk counterpane.

Gwendolen held up her left hand.

"Do you see that?" she asked. "That's my wedding-ring, and I am Mrs. Charlton, the wife of the Master of Charnwood Court. My lady is only number two here, for all she is called 'my lady.'"

"Will you be dressed now, ma'am?" said the new maid.

"What is your name?"

The woman hesitated for a moment with a deepening flush on her cheeks.

"You may call me—Polly—or, my married name is Roth. You can call me by that if you choose."

"You are not so very old, either! I am so glad to have some one who is young around me again. But I wish you didn't wear black; I am so sick of it!"

"I will wear anything you like. Will you get up now?"

"Not until you have combed out and braided up my hair. I wonder if Lionel—I mean Mr. Charlton—has had his breakfast?"

"It's after ten," said the new nurse, glancing at the tiny gold clock upheld by an ivory Cupid and Psyche.

"Well, hurry and brush my hair, and then tell him to come up-stairs. I want to make sure that my dream wasn't true."

Her new maid looked down at her half-curiously, half-compassionately, as she passed the comb through the glittering lengths of hair that filled both her hands to overflowing. Blue shadows lay under the great, dark eyes, and the full, rosy lips had a downward droop at the corners, like those of a grieved child.

The hair was at last braided and knotted up with blue ribbons, to match the bows on her dainty wrapper.

"I will go down now," said Gwendolen. "I wonder Mr. Charlton hasn't been up to ask how I am! You must help me, Polly. I feel awfully weak and queer!"

Leaving on "Polly's" arm, she went slowly down the stairs into the breakfast-room, where she sank into one of the comfortable, cushioned chairs.

"Go and find my husband now," she said. "Tell him to come right off, for I'm hungry for him than for my breakfast!"

As the woman left the room, she met my lady just outside the door.

"She has asked for her husband," said my lady. "Tell her he will be in directly."

The woman, having looked in my lady's face, went back and delivered her message.

"Pick me some roses before you go," said Gwendolen, and she was selecting the most perfect from her bunch of fragrance, when she heard a man's step, and looked up with a smile, the chosen flower in her outstretched hand. The smile remained as it carved on her lips, and the outstretched arm seemed to stiffen into marble, but she neither screamed nor spoke.

"Gwendolen!"

"O-o-o-oh!" with a little shuddering cry.

"My dream!"

"Oh, no! It is I—your husband!"

As he came towards the house in obedience to my lady's summons, Bacio had seen the doctor hurrying across the Chase, and felt sure that he must now be within hearing. He drew nearer to Gwendolen, who looked up at

him, trembling and fascinated as the dove is under the eye of the rattlesnake.

"My life! my soul!" murmured the Italian, bending over her and laying his hand on her bare arm.

At this touch Gwendolen, who had been as if under the influence of a nightmare, seemed to regain her consciousness. She drew away from him, shrinking back into the depths of the chair.

"Go!" she said—"go! You know what you have done! If they should find you—"

"We are safe—there is no danger. Let me feel my arms around you once more!"

Gwendolen opened her lips to scream, but his muscular hand was on her mouth, and as he flung his arm around her she shuddered from head to foot and fainted.

But the doctor, who had been standing outside, with disgust and dismay painted on his face as he listened, now looked in at the window, and started at the sight of Lionel's wife in the arms of a sinister-looking stranger. Dropping his cane, his gloves and his spectacle-case as he ran, he suddenly presented himself before my lady—so suddenly that he almost caught her with her ear at the keyhole of the breakfast-room door. But my lady, seeing his agitation, immediately regained her composure.

CHAPTER XV.—A TERRIBLE WOMAN.

THE doctor was panting and almost breathless, but he managed to stammer out, puffing and blowing between every two or three words: "My dear lady—my dear madam, such a sight—such a shocking sight! Prepare yourself!"

A diabolical joy illumined my lady's face. She guessed that the doctor must have come by the breakfast-parlor.

"What is it?" she said. "How strangely you look!"

"Look! You will look when you see what I have seen! Come, softly as if you were treading on eggs!"

The doctor led the way and my lady followed, until they reached the window of the breakfast-parlor, through one of which he bade my lady look. The Italian was sitting in the chair from which he had lifted Gwendolen, whom he was now holding on his knees, her face turned to his shoulder. Taking advantage of her swoon, he had held to her face a handkerchief saturated with ether, and she was at this moment as inert, as helpless as a dead body.

The doctor shook his fist at the pair. "Brazen hussy!" he ejaculated, and rushing at the door, burst it open with such force that he almost went in headlong.

Bacio rose slowly to his feet, still supporting Gwendolen.

"What is the meaning of this? Doctor, who is this man?" cried my lady.

"She is my wife," said Bacio.

"I heard him call himself her husband!" cried the doctor. "You have been deceived—basely deceived! Poor Lionel—poor boy!"

"Hush, remember the servants! Oh, what a scandal—what a disgrace! What shall I do?" wailed my lady, beginning to wring her hands, but leaving off because the pressure of the jewel points of her many rings hurt her.

"Let him take her and go," said the doctor. "I see she's ashamed to show her face, which is a sign of some grace. To think that pretty, modest little thing—Oh, what serpents women are!"

"Doctor, you are right! Let them go," said my lady. "And if you would be so kind as to order a carriage—a close one—"

The doctor trotted off without awaiting the end of her sentence.

My lady went up to Bacio.

"You understand?—You are to take her away immediately!"

"And—the money?"

"Mr. Brandon will attend to that. I will give this as a pledge that you shall have all I promised you," and my lady drew a sparkling brilliant from her finger and laid it in Bacio's tawny palm.

He was looking at it admiringly when the door again opened, and the new nurse came in, and with swift, long steps went up to Bacio, whose dark face grew livid as he looked at her.

"Barili!" she cried, in a tone of rapturous delight.

"My name is Bacio," he replied.

Before he could prevent her, she had grasped his left arm and bared it of the sleeve to the elbow. A deep scar empurpled its bronze surface. She pointed to it triumphantly, and, clasping his hand in both her own, and crying out: "I thought you were dead—I thought you were dead!" bent her head over it, kissing it passionately and bathing it with her tears.

"Really, this is a very singular proceeding," interposed my lady. "Is Signor Bacio your brother?"

"Antonio Barili is my husband, madam."

"Then whom did he marry first? You or the lady he has in his arms?"

In an instant the loving woman was transformed into a fury. She flew at Gwendolen, tore her from Bacio's arms, flung her into a chair, and then, facing him, said: "I have put my mark on you once," pointing to his arm, "and I will do it again, if you deny that I, Pauline Barili, am your lawful wife!"

"Mrs. Brandt!" said my lady, with emphasis; but this name seemed to have lost its terror for Pauline.

"Neither Brandt nor Roth am I," she said, tearing off her widow's cap and flinging it to the ground, "but this man's lawful wife, whatever he may call himself, and I can prove it in black and white; and, sooner than give him up, I will go before judge and jury and claim him, even if it should lead us both to a prison cell!"

At the mention of a prison Bacio grew pale. "I shall not deny you, Pauline," he said, and the woman went up to him, crouching and suppliant, like some beautiful feline creature that deprecates the wounds its claws have in-

flicted, and wound her arms around him, looking up in his face.

"You have grown handsome, Pauline," said the man, stroking her thick, supple locks, which, released by the violence with which she had torn off her cap, waved over her shoulders, falling far below her waist. Her cheeks and lips were scarlet, her eyes glowing with all her rich color and ripeness of outline, and ruddy luxuriance of hair, she made the unconscious Gwendolen look wan and faded, and Bacio seemed to reconcile himself to the exchange.

"Then—then you will go away and leave her here!" exclaimed my lady, who found these conjugal claims interfere wofully with her plans.

"Unless you could make it for our good to stay, madam," said Bacio, courteously. My lady's face brightened.

"You would both stay?"

"I suppose you will still want some one to take care of her, my lady?" said Pauline, indicating the unconscious Gwendolen.

"More than ever," responded my lady, gloomily.

"And Antonio could be your steward or bailiff?"

"There is a part of the house belonging to the old convent that is only connected with the court by a single door. By locking that door you can at any time cut off all communication with this part of the house. There you and your husband may live, conditionally, on your care of this girl, who must be supposed to have left the Court. There is a garden belonging to it, called the Nuns' Garden. It is surrounded by a high wall, and there she can exercise as much as she pleases. I will make your husband my bailiff, but he must find some way in which to disguise himself, for you must recollect that both my son and the doctor have seen him. I will pay you both liberally for your services, and shall expect Signor Barili to hold himself in readiness to play the part of the Signor Bacio, should the lady you have in charge prove troublesome—for it will be necessary that she should still suppose us to believe that she is his wife."

"Yes, my lady," said Pauline.

"It will be as well to take her to her room now while she is insensible," said my lady. "I will show you the way."

Barili again raised Gwendolen in his arms, and, preceded by my lady, carrying a key of greenish bronze, curiously wrought, carried her to her future prison—for so it might be called—and laid her on a faded bed in a great, bare, moldy-looking room that my lady pointed out, saying:

"This is only for the present. I mean to have some rooms fitted up expressly for her, and everything made as comfortable as possible, for, although she is to be kept in seclusion, I wish her to be surrounded by pleasant effects."

That night the few servants who remained gave warning, and my lady paid them their wages on the spot, telling them they could all go that very moment if they desired to do so, which they did, the cook saying, "The whole house smelt of death"; and thus, my lady began her new reign as the mistress of Charnwood Court, unincumbered by a single menial witness of those strange events that had so immediately preceded it.

(To be continued.)

EASTER IN CHURCH.

EASTER is upon us with all that the glowing word conveys. "Christ has arisen." The sad and sombre season of Lent has passed away, its fastings, prayings and penances are over, and Easter, at the expiration of seven ashen weeks, speaks of resurrection. The weather is mild, genial, Spring-like. Everybody rejoices. Easter greetings and Easter gifts come to us so graciously. The heart is open to generous influences; it is indeed a season of joy and thanksgiving. In our churches the theme is one of jubilation, and when the silent petition comes around in the form of the poor-box, not one in the congregation will contribute an offering on sweet Easter Day. In a "well" congregation, *gods de Suede*, six buttons, will "seek for gold in the recesses of monogrammed pocket-books"; in less magnificent edifices, horny hands will dig up the "quarter" from pockets not too heavily lined. At Easter, God's poor must be remembered, and the widow's mite jingles on the millionaire's check.

BURNING OF A MISSISSIPPI RIVER STEAMER.

ANOTHER of those shocking disasters which have always characterized the navigation of the Mississippi occurred early on the morning of March 30th, at Memphis, Tenn. The steamer *Golden City*, of the Southern Transportation Company's line, which left New Orleans for Cincinnati on March 26th, was approaching the wharf about half-past four o'clock, when she was discovered by the second engineer to be on fire. He immediately informed the pilot, and the boat's bow was at once headed for the shore. Within four minutes it had touched the wharf at the foot of Beale Street, and it appeared as though all danger of loss of life was past. A line was hastily thrown and made fast to a coal barge, but the current being swift, the line parted and the burning steamer floated on down the river a mass of flames. When the boat floated off, about twenty of her passengers and crew jumped on board a barge which floated down the stream, and were rescued by one of the harbor boats. Some others escaped as the burning vessel floated down the river, until it sunk three miles south of Memphis, but it is believed that as many as thirty-five persons were either burned to death or drowned, while many of those who got off with their lives were badly scalded.

The *Golden City* carried a crew of about sixty, and had on board forty passengers, most of whom were women and children. The passengers were asleep when the disaster occurred. It appears that while a colored watchman was walking near some jute, the bottom of the lamp which he carried fell out, and the jute caught fire. He tried to extinguish the flames, but they spread so rapidly among the inflammable material that his efforts were fruitless. He gave the alarm and rushed through the cabin, bursting open the stateroom doors and awakening the passengers. So rapidly did the flames spread that within five minutes after the discovery of the fire, the aft part of the steamer was all ablaze, and those that were saved had to flee in their night-clothes. All of the officers escaped except Second Engineer Kelly, who remained at his post of duty until

cut off by the flames, and sacrificed his life to save others.

The boat was owned in Cincinnati, valued at \$40,000, and insured for \$30,000 by Cincinnati companies. She was built in 1876, and at that time was considered the best equipped boat in the Cincinnati and New Orleans trade. William H. Stowe, proprietor of a traveling circus, is among the victims, and six cages of animals and birds belonging to his show were lost. The books of the steamer were destroyed, so that it is impossible to secure a complete list of the lost.

COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

A BOSTON company have recently purchased for \$240,000 seven valuable contiguous plantations in Chicot County, Ark. They propose to cultivate all the plantations, have their own supply stores, their own oil-mill, and their own churches and schools, and make their enterprise an independent and self-sustaining community.

AN oyster-canning factory has been started at Biloxi, on Mississippi Sound, where large and well-flavored oysters are found.

THE coke industry is growing rapidly in the Connelville region of Pennsylvania. In 1876 there were 3,260 ovens, and in 1879 only 4,114; while now there are 8,101 in active operation, and contracts have been signed for the completion of 800 more before the 1st of June.

THE crops in the Southwest and on the Pacific coast are reported to be very encouraging.

THE work of railway construction in Japan is making active progress.

THE Japanese press is agitating against the admission of foreigners to the interior and to business partnerships with natives, measures proposed by England in connection with the treaty revision.

THE finances of Italy are improving. The surplus of 1881, which was estimated at 7,750,000 lire, rose to upwards of 49,000,000 lire. Ordinary receipts exceeded ordinary expenditure by 140,000,000 lire. It is not intended to issue any new rentes except for railway works. The surplus of 1882 is estimated at 7,000,000 lire, in spite of an additional 12,000,000 lire allotted for army purposes.

THE Mississippi floods are a godsend for the moss-gatherers in the lower valley. The high water washes the moss from the trees and collects it in immense masses in the swamps, while it also makes the swamps navigable throughout and allows the moss-gatherer to penetrate easily into the innermost portions of the wooded region, a land neither land nor water, that in ordinary years defies the most adventurous man. In 1874, the year of the last great flood, one parish in Louisiana alone shipped 20,000 bales of moss to New Orleans, for which the sum of \$18,000—equal to 2,000 hogheads of sugar—was paid over directly to the swampland, and which moss, when cleaned, brought \$360,000 to the city. This represents only a fraction of the moss crop of that year, which exceeded in value the State's rice crop.

THERE is a "corner" in peanuts, and wholesale prices have advanced from \$1 and \$1.25 to \$2 and \$2.25, owing to a short crop in the South and the fact that the growers are holding back for a higher market, knowing that only about 700,000 or 800,000 bushels were grown last season, a full crop being about 2,000,000 bushels.

CALIFORNIA is experimenting with cotton, and ninety-six bales of excellent quality were recently shipped to San Francisco from Kern County. Jute is another thing which the Californians expect to make a good thing of. A factory has been started at San Quentin, and by using convict labor a good business in jute bags is counted upon and a good profit looked for.

MORE iron vessels, both sailing and steam craft, were built in Great Britain during 1881 than in any previous year of her history. The Tyne sent out 123 vessels, while the building for the year foats up the enormous total of 889,531 tons. England is fast obtaining the ascendancy in the carrying trade. At the close of 1880 she had 19,972 vessels, aggregating 6,344,577 tons, while the number of seamen employed was 192,972.

American Newspapers in 1882.

THE American Newspaper Directory, which will shortly be issued by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York, will contain the names of 10,611 periodicals in the United States and Territories, which is a gain of 344 in the year just passed. The number of daily papers has increased in a somewhat larger proportion, and is now represented by a total of 996 against 921 in 1881. The largest increase has been in New York—10 dailies, 29 of all sorts. Illinois and Missouri show a percentage of gain which is even greater, while Colorado leads all others in the percentage of increase, both of daily and weekly issues. California, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Vermont and West Virginia have fallen behind 1881 in the total number of periodicals issued. In Georgia, Maine and Massachusetts the suspensions have exactly counterbalanced the new ventures. In every State not mentioned above, and in the Territories, there has been an increase.

A Thrilling Incident Recalled.

MRS. J. M. McTEER, who recently died at Wytheville, Va., was the widow of Colonel Piper, who gained a national fame through his perilous feat of climbing the Natural Bridge, in Rockbridge County, while a student at Washington College (now Washington and Lee University). During the Summer of 1848 he and three other students obtained permission of the president to spend a day from the college, and they went about twelve miles to the bridge. As soon as they arrived, in youthful glee they commenced the ascent of the precipitous sides of the bridge, and cut figures and names upon the stone. Young Piper spied the name of Washington standing above the thousands of others, and started upwards to write his name above that of the first President. He made a laborious ascent, and inscribed his name fifty feet above that of Washington, and continued upwards, cutting his footholds with his knife, until he stood 170 feet above his horrified companions, whose entreaties for his return had become more and more difficult to hear. From this point, looking for the first time downwards, he saw that he could not return, and that to advance was almost impossible, since the knife which had carried him so far was worn nearly to the handle. Each moment was one of intense suspense to his companions, who from below watched for and expected his destruction at any time. Painfully he worked a few feet higher, until the knife was useless, and he hung seemingly upon the face of the precipice. In that position, between hope and fear, he lived what seemed years, until rescue came from above in the shape of a lasso, and the adventurous student was drawn up to the top of the bridge, where he fainted from exhaustion.

A Carnival Club in the Rhine.

THE long drought which has prevailed in Germany and Austria has caused even such mighty rivers as the Danube and the Rhine to shrink to less than half their normal dimensions. The bed of the latter river was recently crossed, dry-foot, near Ketch, and on the 14th of February, at Bonn, the Rhine fell to two inches below the lowest watermark hitherto registered there, just seventy-six years ago. The Committee of the Bonn Carnival

Club availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded for the performance of a supremely eccentric feat, by holding, after dark, a conference on an easel of dry land near the middle of the river bed. Having conveyed a table and chairs to this oasis and gone through the usual formula of a committee meeting, the celebrants carried an effigy of Prince Carnival, escorted by torch-bearers, from their club house to the mid stream place of rendezvous, which they then illuminated with Bengal fire. The jollification that ensued lasted until far into the night. After executing an elaborate programme of humorous speeches, comic songs and bacchanalian choruses, the committee subscribed a protocol recording the proceedings, unique in their way, of the "Kappensitzung," inclosed the document in a metal case, and buried it in the bed of the river as a record of the high-jinks celebrated upon that very spot by the Bonner Fasching-Verein, on St. Valentine's Night, 1882.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A New Use has been found for graphite in the shape of paint to protect articles of iron, notably roofs, bridges, smoke-stacks, etc., against rusting and corrosion.

An Englishman has succeeded in photographing a flash of lightning, by means of Swan's plates, of ten times the rapidity of wet collodion, and backed with red paper to prevent halation. The lens used was a half-inch Ross rapid, symmetrical with the largest stop but one.

The Recent New York Watercolor Exhibition was the most successful, financially and artistically, ever held. The sales amounted to one-third of the number exhibited, or 223 works, and realized over \$31,000. The receipts at the door were \$7,042 75, and for catalogues \$2,400.

The Valuable Collections presented by Schliemann to his native country were recently opened to the public, the Emperor William presiding at the ceremony. They are temporarily housed in the rooms of the Industrial Art Association in Berlin, but will be removed to the new building of the Ethnological Museum as soon as it shall be completed.

An Experiment with a system for using petroleum instead of coal for fuel was tried on the Long Island Railroad recently, and was pronounced a success. The train was run on schedule time, and the cost was \$1.20 as compared with \$2, the price for coal. The new fuel is a vapor produced by the intermingling of jets of petroleum, superheated steam and hot air.

A New and Interesting Proof that the earth is round has been presented by M. Dufour in a paper recently read before the Helvetic Society of Natural Sciences. In calm weather the images of distant objects reflected in the Lake of Geneva showed just exactly the same degree of distortion which calculation would predict through taking into consideration the figure of the earth.

M. Desor, one of the last companions of Agassiz in his great Alpine excursions, which led to the discovery of the theory of glaciers, has just died in Neuchâtel. M. Desor, although born in Germany, was of French extraction, and had been a naturalized Swiss citizen, and became the President of the National Council. He bequeathed all his fortune to the city for scientific purposes.

Professor De Maes, Librarian of the Alessandrina Library in Rome, has published a pamphlet in which he claims that a great Egyptian obelisk is buried in the neighborhood of the Piazza di San Luigi di Francesi, near to the side entrance of the Senate, which was the post-office in the Pope's olden times. He bases his theory on a statement he has found in an ancient guide book of Rome.

Rossini bequeathed a large sum to his native town, Pesaro, for the founding of a musical institute there. The "Conservatorio Rossini" is shortly to be opened, with Signor Carlo Pedrotti, one of the most distinguished Italian musicians, as director. The primary object of the conservatory will be the training of vocalists, but instruction will also be given in other branches of musical art.

Mrs. Frackleton, of Milwaukee, who took the gold and silver medals for ceramic decorations at the Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, has won a first prize in the Mexican Exposition in Orizaba. She entered a complete dinner service of 650 pieces. Mrs. Frackleton is said to have been working hard for six or seven years at china decoration, building kiln after kiln in her own house until the results were satisfactory.

A French Army Officer has patented an instrument which he calls a "telelog," for signal purposes. The signals consist of the letters of the alphabet and figures silvered on a dead black ground, and these are illuminated at night by lamps with strong reflectors. A powerful telescope is the receiving instrument. For signaling to a distance of two and a half miles, the whole apparatus need not weigh more than four or five pounds.

The Piles to support a coffer-dam across the River Lea, in England, were successfully driven by the power from a water-wheel situated at a distance, which was transmitted by two dynamo machines and a couple of wires to the gearing connected with a pile-driver of ordinary construction erected on a barge floating in the river. The machinery, although rather roughly constructed, worked well, lifting a dolly weighing from four to five hundred-weight with ease and regularity.

Woolen Rags undergo many peculiar metamorphoses; they are successively converted into mungo, shoddy and devil's dust, and then reappear in ladies' superfine cloth, from which they degenerate into druggists, and are then used for the manufacture of flock paper. Finally, the agriculturist uses them as manure, on account of the large amount of nitrogen they contain. The presence of nitrogen also makes them of value to the chemist, who boils them down with pearlash, horns and hoofs of cattle, old iron, blood and clippings of leather, and produces the beautiful yellow and red salts known as the prussiates of potash. From these, again, the valuable pigment, Prussian blue, is made. Thus do old rags enter upon a fresh career, and it seems as if there were no limit to the means by which this waste product may be utilized.

Death-roll of the Week.

MARCH 26TH.—At Carbondale, Pa., Arthur McCormick, aged 104; at Fort Grant, Arizona, Rev. A. D. Mitchell, Chaplain United States Army; at Paris, France, M. Bertall, the artist; at Constantinople, Turkey, Ruchdi Pasha, formerly Grand Vizier, aged 74. March 27th.—At Elmira, N. Y., Daniel F. Pickering, ex-Postmaster and a prominent citizen. March 28th.—At Batavia, N. Y., John Fisher, formerly a member of Congress, aged 76; at Bridgeport, Me., Rev. Jacob Bray, the oldest Baptist clergyman in Maine, aged 88; at Washington, D. C., Thomas M. Reed, of Bath, Me., one of the leading business men of Maine, aged 78; at London, Lord John Cadwalader Erskine, aged 78. March 29th.—At Metuchen, N. J., Wright Robins, a prominent politician and once Speaker of the Assembly, aged 56; at Chicago, Henry B. Myer, inventor of the sleeping-car, aged 87. March 30th.—At Orange, N. J., Edward D. Pierson, ex-member of the Legislature; at Portland, Me., Mrs. Daniel Deshon, aged 104; at Roslyn, L. I., Henry W. Eastman, a prominent lawyer, aged 56; at Norwich, Conn., John T. Adams, formerly editor of the *Norwich Republican* and member of the Legislature, aged 76; at Wheeling, W. Va., James A. Patton, Judge of the State Supreme Court. March 31st.—At Wilkesbarre, Pa., Casper Deitz, a soldier under Napoleon, aged 101.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE President, last week, nominated Sterling R. Hounds, of Illinois, to be Public Printer.

LORD HOUGHTON, who was recently attacked by paralysis in Athens, has recovered and arrived in Naples.

PRESIDENT GONZALES of Mexico is still feeble, and he may possibly resign on account of his continued ill-health.

A GERMAN magazine has just published a story from the pen of the Queen of Roumania, who has also written some poems.

REPRESENTATIVE JAY A. HUBBELL has been re-elected Chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS is to have his portrait painted for the Department of State by William W. Chase, of New York.

THE Ohio Legislature has appropriated \$10,000 for a marble or bronze statue of Garfield, to be placed in the Capitol at Washington.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR gave his first public reception at the White House on March 28th, and the mansion was crowded all the evening.

SPURGEON is suffering again from his old enemy, the goat, to such an extent that he cannot walk or even stand, and of course cannot preach.

THE Ladies' Aid Society of the Garfield Memorial Hospital, at Washington, has been organized, with Mrs. Senator Windom as President.

EX-SENATOR SARGENT, of California, the new Minister to Germany, was given a banquet at San Francisco, last week, by many prominent citizens.

It is proposed to transfer Sitting Bull and his immediate followers to the Yankton Agency, where they will be instructed in the usages and arts of civilization.

THE Pope last week created seven Cardinals, including Archbishop McCabe, of Dublin; Archbishop Lavergne, of Algiers; and Archbishop Luch, of Seville.

CHARLES L. WILLIAMS has been Postmaster at Nacooches, Ga., for fifty one years, and has never been too ill during the time to make out his monthly report.

MRS. GENERAL KILPATRICK writes from Chili to a friend that as soon as she can afford it she will have her late husband's remains sent to the United States for burial.

ANOTHER operation has been performed on Senator Hill, of Georgia, for the cancerous affection of his mouth, and hopes are again entertained of his final recovery.

MISS M. M. DEAN has been appointed resident physician at the Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital. It is the first time such an appointment has been given to a woman.

Two nephews of the new Chinese Minister have adopted the American dress, and are attending school at Washington. They already speak English quite well, and are bright lads.

THE President has signed the commission of Judge Blatchford to be an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and he is expected to take his seat during the present week.

THE Czar has written to the morganatic widow of his father, who has been residing at Karlsruhe since the death of Alexander II., requesting her to return to Russia, and live in St. Petersburg.

DR. SAMUEL D. GROSS, for twenty-six years Professor of Surgery at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, has resigned on account of advancing age, being now in his seventy-seventh year.

SIR SYDNEY HEDLEY WATERLOW, Bart., Member of Parliament for Gravesend, and formerly Lord Mayor of London, was married at the British Embassy in Paris last week to Miss Hamilton, of San Francisco.

MRS. GARFIELD has written to a friend at Washington complaining of the unauthorized publication of biographies and portraits of the late President, with unfounded claims that they have her special approval.

MRS. MARY JANE RADCLIFFE-HALL, formerly Mrs. Sagar, a Philadelphian by birth, has just obtained a divorce in the English courts for cruelty from Mr. Radcliffe Radcliffe-Hall, to whom she was married in 1878.

MISS PHOEBE COUSINS, the well known woman-suffrage advocate of St. Louis, recently applied to President Arthur to be appointed as one of the five commissioners to reorganize Utah Territory under the recent Act of Congress.

THE President has nominated as Judge Blatchford's successor in the United States Circuit Judgeship for the New York Circuit William J. Wallace, for ten years Judge of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

MRS. AUTRAN, widow of the French poet, who was twice married, left a request in her will that her heart be buried with M. Autran, but that the rest of her body be laid to rest in the tomb of her first husband, an American, named Fitch.

THE coronation of the Czar will not take place until after the Moscow exhibition in May, it being feared that should the two events be simultaneous the Nihilists would take advantage of the circumstance and concentrate in Moscow.

MR. CHARLES O'CONOR is spending much time with his books and pamphlets in his new home at Nantucket, and is said to be preparing an autobiography in which special attention will be paid to some of the famous suits in which he has been engaged.

THERE lately died in Paris a remarkable man in the person of Mr. Blindworth, who was called the "dean of the European corps of spies." The son of an English mechanic, who had settled at Göttingen, he passed his life as a political state spy, and grew rich in the business.

THE Tichborne claimant is sawing wood and unloading lumber in the dockyard at Portsmouth. He weighs about sixteen stone, as against twenty-five when he was first sentenced, but is in good health and thrives on a prison ration a quarter larger than that allotted to the other prisoners.

A KINSMAN of the Sieur de la Salle, the explorer, now lives in New Orleans in the person of Mrs. Blanchard, in her maidenhood Mlle. Hermione de la Salle, and now the wife of General A. G. Blanchard, of the United States Army. She is the great-great-grand-niece of the discoverer.

A MARRIAGE has been arranged between the Duke of Westminster and Catharine Cavendish, third daughter of Baron Chesham. The bridegroom is fifty-eight, while the bride is scarcely of age. Her eldest brother married a daughter of the Duke of Westminster, who will thus be the brother-in-law of his son-in-law.

GENERAL VUILLEMET, the new chief of staff at the French War Office, when a schoolboy, while carelessly playing with a pistol in the room of a professor named Debetle, accidentally discharged the weapon and wounded the professor's little daughter in the side, a mishap for which later in life he made atonement by marrying her.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE EASTER OFFERING IN A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.

SEE PAGE 107.



TENNESSEE.—BURNING OF THE STEAMER "GOLDEN CITY," AT MEMPHIS, MARCH 30TH—THE VESSEL DRIFTING DOWN THE RIVER.—SEE PAGE 107.



THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.—LADIES OF ARKANSAS CITY, ARK., SHOPPING IN BOATS.—FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 103.



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